

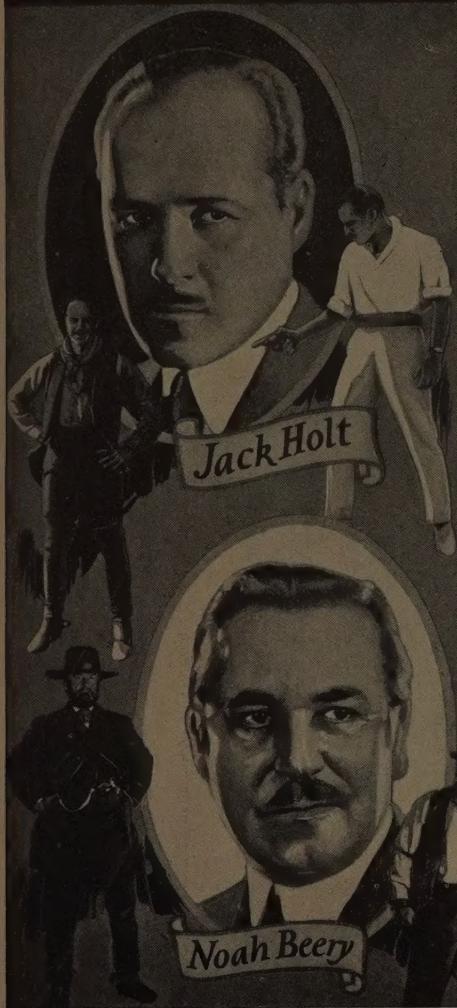


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- Leslie
Thresher -

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Some stars are neither stunning blondes, nor gorgeous vamps, nor anything classified, but simply—themselves! and they attract millions. Lois Wilson, the heroine of *The Covered Wagon*, and star in *The Thundering Herd*, *North of 36* and other Paramount Pictures creates affection in hearts everywhere. Miss Wilson's latest pictures are James Cruze's *Welcome Home* and Zane Grey's *The Vanishing American*.

JACK HOLT

When Jack Holt swings onto the screen with tightened belt swift action seems ready on sea, in forest or desert. His outstanding Paramount successes are *Call of the North*, *While Satan Sleeps*, *Nobody's Money*, *Empty Hands*, *North of 36* and the *Light of Western Stars*. Jack Holt's first new season Paramount Picture is "Wild Horse Mesa."

ERNEST TORRENCE

Fans had a wonderful time picking out the bits they liked best in *The Covered Wagon*, and oh, how they joyed in Ernest Torrence! That sinister figure with long nose and gorilla strength! What expressiveness! Don't miss him in *Peter Pan* (as Hook the Pirate), *The Fighting Coward*, *North of 36* and *Heritage of the Desert*. He will be seen in *Night Life of New York* and *The Wanderer*.

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You would travel far before you would find a human being so perfectly equipped by nature as Noah Beery to play the rough-diamond types of unquenchable courage. Paramount fans easily remember Noah Beery in *Wanderer of the Wasteland*, *The Fighting Coward*, and *Heritage of the Desert*. He may be seen this season in *The Light of Western Stars*.



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Gertrude Hoffman Girls in "Artists and Models"

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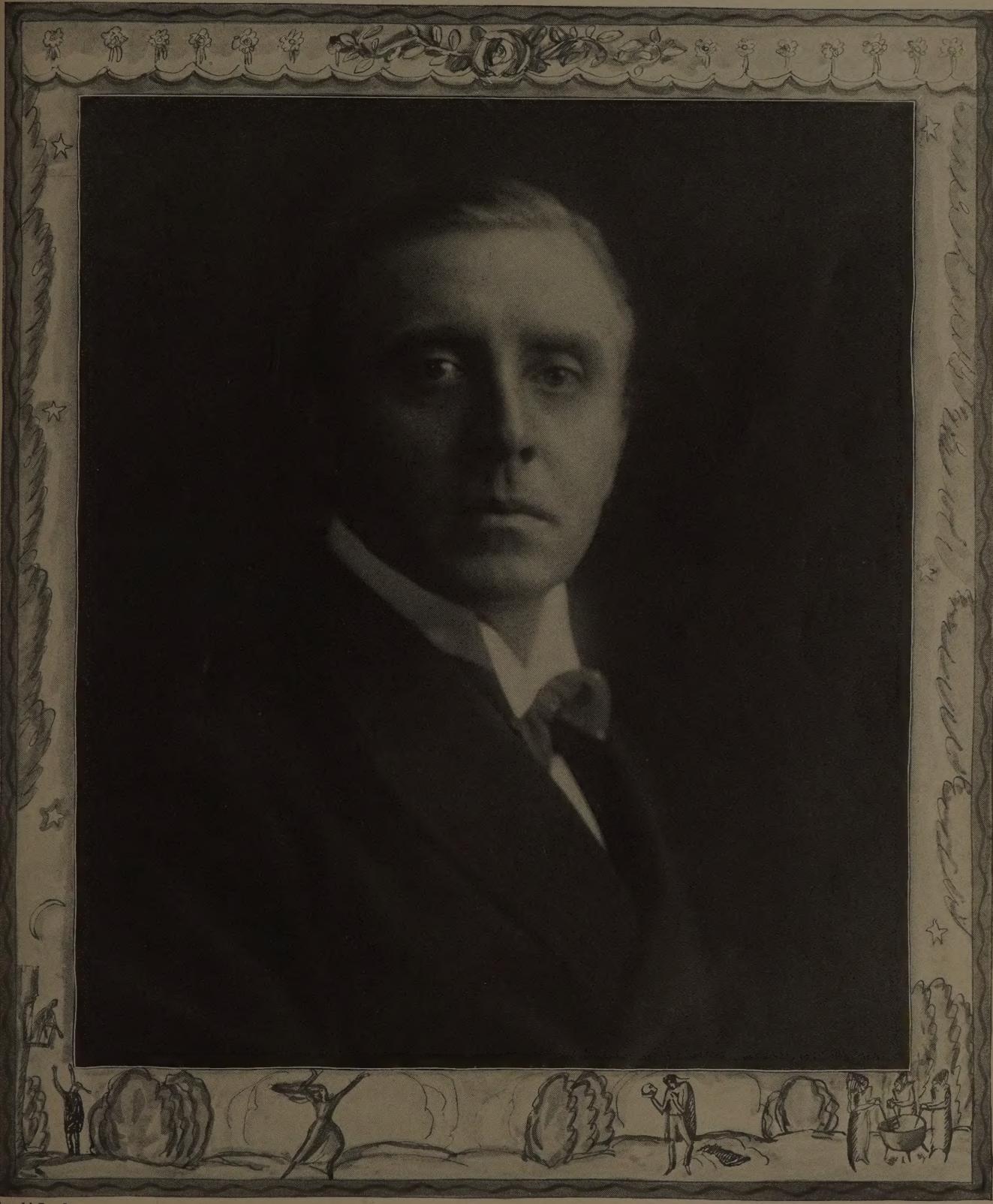
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII. No. 294

SEPTEMBER, 1925



Arnold Genthe

EDWARD H. SOTHERN

Who is to appear under the Belasco management this Fall in "The Advocate," an adaptation from Brieux, will bring to the play that richness of voice and forcefulness of presence which thrilled an earlier generation



Strauss-Peyton

HELEN MENKEN

Even Paradise may have its drawbacks, and the immortality of "Seventh Heaven" in the provinces is keeping this astounding young actress away from New York, much to the chagrin of its inhabitants, who still delight in the memory of the fiery gutter waif of Paris

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *EDITOR-IN-CHIEF*

LAWRENCE LANGNER, *Contributing Editor*



The New Season Has to Offer

LLOUD blasts of the managerial trumpets usher in the Theatrical Season 1925-26, each individual producer adding his quota to the rich and varied array of new plays which will be introduced to Broadway during the coming months. The program is bewildering in its diversity, taking into consideration, as it does, the catholic taste of New York theatregoers.

The Actors' Theatre will open its season in October. The first play will be *The Call of Life*, by Arthur Schnitzler, translated by Dorothy Donnelly. Others will be *Magdalene and Mary*, by S. K. Lauren; *Storm*, by C. K. Munro, Irish dramatist; *Moral*, by Ludwig Thomas, translated by Charles Recht.

The Theatre Guild will inaugurate the Shaw season at the Garrick the middle of September with *Arms and the Man*, with Robert Warwick, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. There will also be in the Shaw repertory plays chosen from *Man and Superman*, *Androcles and the Lion*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *Major Barbara*, *Pygmalion*, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Fanny's First Play* and *You Never Can Tell*.

At the Guild Theatre there will be a program selected from Pirandello's *Right You Are if You Think You Are*, *M. Brotteneau*, by Robert de Flers and C. A. de Caillavet; *At Mrs. Beam's*, by C. K. Munro; *The Lonely Way*, by Arthur Schnitzler; Strauss' operetta, *Fledermaus*, *The Conquering Hero*, by Allen Monkhouse, and one or more plays by an American author.

Charles Dillingham will offer *Treasure Girl*, a musical version of *The Fortune Hunter*, with Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Katja the Dancer*, with Marilyn Miller; *Most of Us Are*, by Frederick Lonsdale, with Ina Claire; *These Charming People*, by Michael Arlen, to be produced in association with A. H. Woods, with Cyril Maude and Alma Tell; *The Vortex*, by Noel Coward, to be produced in September in association with A. L. Erlanger.

The Greenwich Village Theatre will reopen early in September under the direction of O'Neill, Jones and MacGowan. They will make five productions. The first will be *Outside Looking In*, a play of tramp life by Maxwell Anderson, founded on *Beggars of Life*, by Jim Tully. In October, in association with A. L. Jones and Morris Green, they will produce Eugene O'Neill's drama of Ponce de Leon, *The Fountain*. Late in November will come O'Neill's latest play, *The Great God Brown*, an experiment in dramatic form. The fourth production will be *When in Rome*, a comedy by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. The final production will be *The Last Night of Don Juan*, Rostand's last play.

THE Provincetown group will present *Adam Solitaire*, by Enjo Bosche; *The Man Who Never Died*, by Charles Webster; *The Black Maskers*, by Leonid Andreyev; *The Dream Play*, by August Strindberg, a Greek tragedy, and *The Book of Revelations*, by Eugene O'Neill.

Arthur Hopkins will produce *The Buccaneers*, a piratical play built on an episode in the life of the aristocratic pirate, Sir Henry Morgan. The play is by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. Estelle Winwood and William Farnum will be in the cast. Another play by the same

authors is about Andrew Jackson, still unnamed. *The Happy Man*, a comedy by Philip Barry, will also be given.

E. H. Sothern will star under the direction of David Belasco in *The Advocate*, adapted from the French of Eugene Brieux by George Middleton. It is further reported that Mr. Belasco will star Katharine Cornell in *The Desert*, also adapted by George Middleton from the French of Lorenzo Azertis, and that his first production of the new season will be *Alias Santa Claus*, by Willard Mack, in which Mr. Mack will play the leading rôle.

An extremely busy season is forecast for A. H. Woods. The plays he will produce include *Spring Fever*, by Vincent Lawrence, featuring James Rennie; *The Green Hat*, by Michael Arlen, with Katharine Cornell; *The Pelican*, by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood; *The Five O'clock Man*, a comedy adapted from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Pierre Veber, by Clifford Grey; *Diana of the Movies*, a comedy farce by Otto Harbach, with Mabel Normand; *Boy Wanted*, a comedy farce by Lawton Mackall and F. R. Bellamy. Carl Reed and A. H. Woods will also star Lowell Sherman in *The Passionate Prince*, by Achmed Abdulluh, in October, and *All Dressed Up*, a comedy by Arthur Richman.

Charles Frohman, Inc., announces *The Grand Duchess* and *The Floor Waiter*, a French comedy by Alfred Savoir, with Elsie Ferguson; *Antonio*, by Melchoir Lengyel, starring Marjorie Rambeau; Irene Bordoni in a new comedy still unnamed, by Avery Hopwood, to be produced in association with E. Ray Goetz; *The Mask and the Face*, by Luigi Chiarelli, adapted by Somerset Maugham; *Man and Wife*, by Lazlo Lakatos, and *The Tale of the Wolf*, by Franz Molnar, co-featuring Wallace Eddinger, Roland Young and Phyllis Povah.

A MUSICAL play called *Maritza* will be produced by Sam H. Harris. Grace Moore and Oscar Shaw will be starred. He will also have a play called *The Shanghai Gesture*, by John Colton, in which Mrs. Leslie Carter will appear; *The Shortest Way Home*, a comedy by William J. Hurlbut, with Margaret Lawrence, and *Cradle Snatchers*, by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell, with Mary Boland.

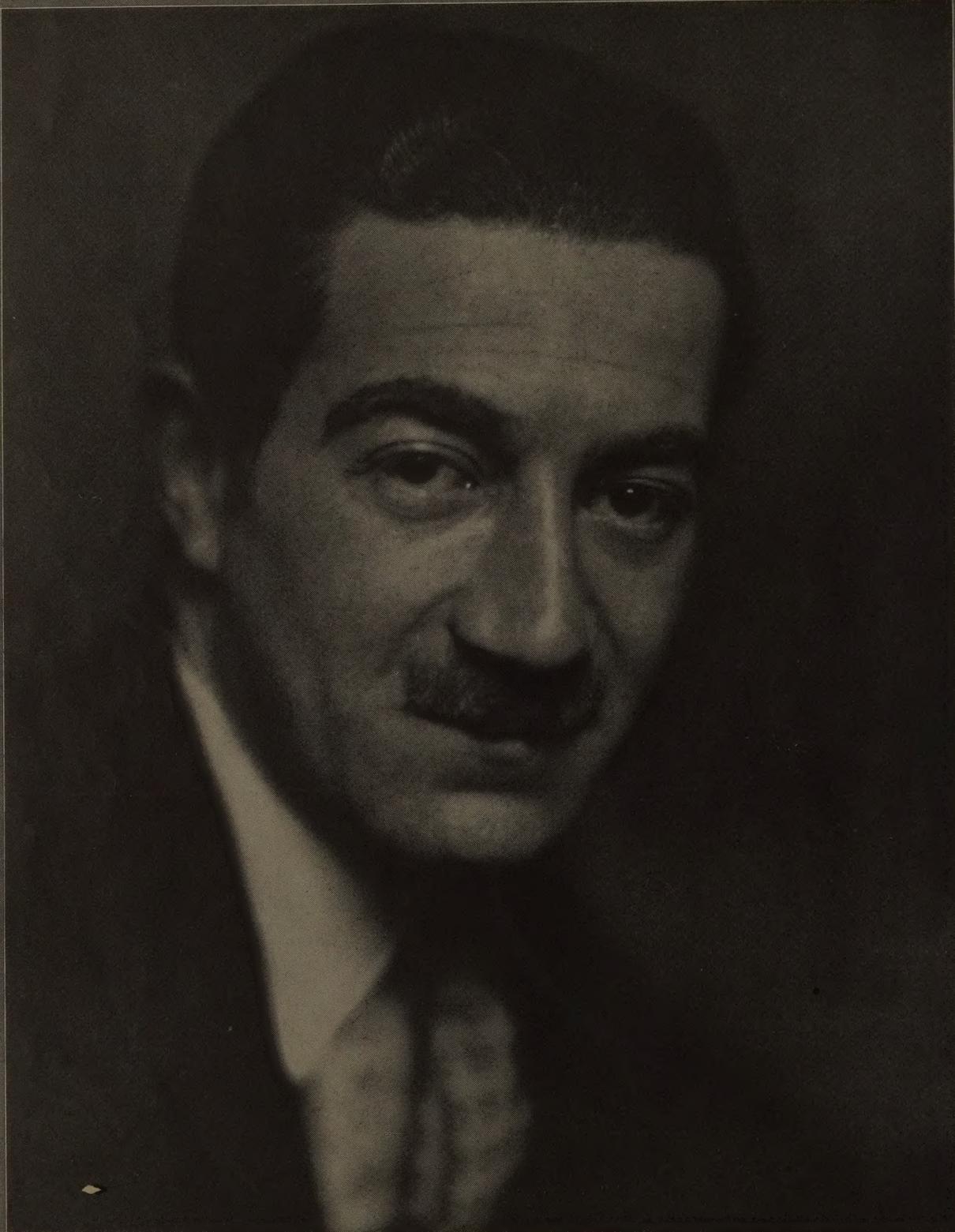
Don Marquis' second play, a religious drama, will be given by John Murray Anderson and Robert Milton this season. These co-operating producers will also do a light opera, and, later in the season, a new revue called *The John Murray Anderson Follies*.

Robert Milton will also produce *The Letter*, by Somerset Maugham; *The First and the Last*, by John Galsworthy; *Gimme Clark*, by Arthur Richman, and *The Painted Veil*, by Somerset Maugham.

Henry Baro announces *The Strong*, by Karen Bramson; *The New Born*, by Arthur Fairchild; *Playfellows*, by Felix Gander, and *The Man Who Killed*, by Pierre Frondale.

The Stagers will have five new productions, their season opening early in autumn. The American plays from which a choice will be made are *A Man's Man*, a comedy of life under the "L," by Patrick Kearney; *Night and Day*, a romantic comedy by S. K. Lauren; *Black Waters*, a drama

(Continued on page 64)



Pirie Macdonald

THE MAN OF THE MONTH—MR. MICHAEL ARLEN

This creator of tiger tawny ladies and troubled Englishmen has recently discovered that his glamourous characters are particularly well suited to the stage. His dramatization of "The Green Hat," which has met with instantaneous and tremendous success, proves that all dramatic variations on the theme of love have not been exhausted and holds forth the promise that, with Mr. Arlen turned playwright, there will be a new grace of thought and enchantment of action in the theatre

What It Costs to Put On a Show—And Why

Some Reflections on the High Cost of Theatrical Production To-day

By J. J. SHUBERT

A FRIEND of mine from the West, who had made enough money in the rug business to retire from what he termed "the commercial struggle," decided recently to take a flyer in dramatic production. The theatre had always been a hobby with him, and he had enough surplus capital to indulge his whim. I think he regarded the experiment as something of a joke, a pleasant pastime, at any rate. It was going to be a lot of fun playing around with these cardboard houses, colored lights and canvas landscapes.

Of course, he expected it would cost a little something. You had to pay your actors, but, if your show was any good at all, the weekly receipts took care of that. I advised him to take his family to Europe instead and try to break the bank at Monte Carlo. But, like many another otherwise sane individual, he was determined to rush in where the most experienced angels have long since feared to tread.

What happened to him is an amusing record of how little the average business man knows about the cost of modern theatrical production. His somewhat antiquated conception of the so-called "land of make-believe" was due for a severe shock. All his calculations were based on the theatre as he understood it twenty to twenty-five years ago, and he did not realize that, in that space of time, the "land of make-believe" had become a land of hard reality—as far as finances are concerned, that production costs had increased over 300 per cent. and that a merciless competition was likely to sweep him into one of the toughest "commercial struggles" he had ever been up against.

My friend's procedure was, briefly, this: First he went to a play-broker and got a play. It wasn't a very good play—one of those didactic things that would have been more effective delivered from a pulpit on Fifth Avenue on a rainy Sunday—but, in his unripe judgment, it was excellent. A few hundred dollars were required as advance royalty for the author, but he didn't kick about that. Next, he had to have a director to stage the play, and he found a gentleman who was willing to take the job for \$350 a week, plus 2 per cent. of the gross receipts. That wasn't so bad—although he didn't like that 2 per cent. part of it.

THE BILLS BEGIN TO COME IN

HE engaged the director, however, who turned out to be a very pleasant chap, and they had quite an enjoyable time planning the sets, going over costume designs, lighting plots, incidental music, properties, and so on. He told his director by all means to go right ahead and have the stuff made and then he would start engaging his company. There were twelve people in the cast and, according to the Equity ruling, he wouldn't have to start paying them any-

thing for four weeks. Certainly he ought to have the play ready by that time, so there was no expense there. Apparently six or seven thousand dollars ought to cover the whole thing, just as he had figured.

In the meantime the director—evidently assuming that his employer knew his business and would stand the usual Broadway scale of expenses—went ahead with the production, and the bills began to come in. The first act called for the interior of a nicely appointed studio. The builder's charge for the set was \$2,800, with an additional \$1,000 for painting. The properties used in the act, which included furniture, lamps and the usual bric-à-brac and knick-knacks, totaled \$2,500 more; one rug cost \$400 and a tapestry set \$1,200. The costumer's bill ran up to \$3,600 and the electrical equipment \$1,800.

A RUDE AWAKENING

WHEN he added these figures together, my friend's jaw dropped. There was still an exterior set to be made, for the third act, and a bunch of elaborate masquerade costumes, not to mention theatre rental, advertising and various other things. To all appearances he was already indebted by over twice the sum he had originally contemplated. He put in a hurry call for the director, and that night they had a long and illuminating conversation.

The director did some very itemized explaining. The gist of his remarks was this: With the additional set, costumes, overtime rehearsals, stage hands and musicians, theatre rental and actors' salary guarantees, advertising, publicity and incidentals, the total cost of the production would land in the neighborhood of \$28,000. A two or three weeks' try-out on the road might be advisable, which would increase the expenditures by several thousands. Between thirty and thirty-five thousand dollars ought to cover it!

He might have added that, even after the play was produced—and providing the public liked it—many more thousands would be sunk before it began to pay its own way. But he had said enough for one evening. Before the week was up my friend had rented office space in Times Square, inveigled two gentlemen with money to join him, and was again at a desk, sleeves rolled up, embroiled in a "commercial struggle" that kept him busy from ten in the morning until twelve at night. The last I heard, he was still embroiled, but with a good chance of his losses being cut down to a reasonable figure.

As I said, all my friend's calculations were based on the theatre as he had understood it twenty to twenty-five years ago, and there are not many people like that bucking the theatrical game to-day. Most of us have had good cause to know of the tremendous leap in production costs in the past quarter century. Take the item of

scenery, for example. Twenty-five years ago the set for which my friend paid \$2,800 could have been bought for approximately \$700, for in those good old days scenic artists worked unlimited hours for twenty-five or thirty dollars a week; but to-day average artists under the most exacting union laws receive weekly salaries exceeding \$100, not to mention the well-worn overtime, which is the horror of every production. The reason for this is a matter of plain economic arithmetic. In those early days stage carpenters were working for \$3 a day, whereas to-day they receive \$10, while ordinary laborers in the shop, who were getting \$1.50, now draw \$8. Canvas for scenery, which formerly cost 26 cents a yard, now sells for \$1.85, and lumber, nails, paint and fire-proofing have increased proportionately.

Stage properties are another big item on any producer's bill. The increase in their cost has been brought about largely through the public's demand for more authentic and artistic stage investiture. Illusions must be preserved for this sophisticated generation, and it costs a pile of money to preserve them. My friend's expenditure of \$400 for a rug was really quite moderate. In *The Swan*, I believe it was, which recently appeared on Broadway, a rug was used which cost the management \$1,700. The artificial flowers in *The Student Prince*, now playing at the Jolson Theatre, cost \$2,500. For that same sum, twenty-five years ago, we were able to finance the entire production of *Old Heidelberg*, at the old Princess Theatre, with Aubrey Boucicault as the star.

From stage props we go to stage costumes, where the increase in cost has been stupendous. Twenty-five years ago a musical comedy could be completely costumed for from \$1,600 to \$1,900. To-day one costume worn by Isabelle Rodriguez as the Spanish dancer in *The Love Song* cost as much as that. In *Sky High*, the musical comedy starring Willie Howard, now at the Winter Garden, there are twenty-two special numbers—short dances or chorus evolutions—which occupy but a few minutes in the showing. In one of these numbers the young women of the chorus wear aviator's costumes, designed and made in Paris, which actually cost as much as the entire production would have cost twenty-five years ago. With that as a basis, you can figure out the approximate percentage of increase.

COSTS MORE THAN TRIPLED

MY friend's production was not a musical comedy, however, for which he can be thankful, and his costume bill probably did not exceed \$4,500 all told. But costumes have to be seen, and to be seen to best advantage requires a lavish use of electricity. The increase here is more readily explained

(Continued on page 54)

He Knew What He Wanted

Author of the Pulitzer Prize Play, "They Knew What They Wanted," Tells What It Is

By WILLIS COLEMAN

WHEN Sidney Howard bolts into a room, his every movement is charged with energy. You know that the motor is going at top speed. When you study the progressive steps in his varicolored writing career, you feel that it was this motivating force which landed him into the Theatre Guild camp with one of the season's best plays to his credit—*They Knew What They Wanted*.

Sidney Howard knows what he wants, and he goes after it with dynamic forcefulness. His is the nervous type of energy which accomplishes much in a comparatively short time. He is a young man, perhaps in his middle thirties, and he has covered much ground, literally and metaphorically. He has traveled much, written much and lived a whole lot.

Born in California, he spent a great deal of the time around San Francisco Bay. Unlike every other native Californian, he does not grow ecstatic over California climate. This alone should stamp him as a distinctive person. He attended school in his home State and also studied abroad, which, undoubtedly, is responsible for the fact that he has a Continental shading of speech, a barely perceptible accent which is pleasing to the ear. In fact, Sidney Howard looks more the Englishman than the American. He is tall, dark and wears a crisp little moustache. He also drinks tea, though, unlike an Englishman, he is indifferent as to whether it is hot or cold. Somehow he impresses one who first meets him and has nothing on which to base his deductions that he is a young man strangely indifferent to externals. Personal comfort doesn't mean a great deal to him. He has a detached manner during a conversation, as though it were easier for him to recognize and hold converse with an intelligence than a person.

When Mr. Howard finished prep school he engaged in various tasks in California, then went abroad for a year and returned to work on a sugar ranch. After that a road commission, then work around the coal mines in British Columbia. At nineteen he entered the University of California, stayed there three years and then went to Harvard. After taking a master's degree, he entered the newspaper field, starting work on the *Transcript* in Boston.

WHEN the war broke out, he went over with the American Ambulance, in 1915, and drove an ambulance over the Balkan front. He then went into flying, and after the war was over flew with the American and French armies as instructor, scout and bomber. On his arrival in New York, he visited the offices of *Life* to learn about a French baby in whom his mother was interested and was offered a job on the staff. As he whimsically explained, war heroes were then at a premium, and so

jobs fell like overripe apples off a tree.

He got tired of reading about a million jokes a year, some of which were terrible and others not so good or bad, and decided he'd like free-lance journalism better.



Muray
Sidney Howard, American playwright, whose play, *They Knew What They Wanted*, has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for 1925

Then came his first real streak of good luck in the writing grind. He wrote a series of articles for *Colliers*, followed by short stories and other articles. Later he drifted back to *Life* and began all over again the output of wits and near-wits and dim-wits. One day Harvard engaged him to investigate strike-breakers and labor detectives, and he converted the result of these investigations into a series of articles for the *New Republic*.

The first step into the dramatic field came when he translated *Fedra*, by D'Anunzio. It was sent to Margaret Anglin, and while discussing it with her one day she told him a story which he wrote into a play, naming it *Swords*.

"It wasn't a very good play," confessed Mr. Howard, who, differing from many writers, has the gift of self-analysis and can tolerate criticism of his own work. "Miss Anglin refused to do it, and I don't blame her. But I sold it to Brock Pemberton and then lit out for Spain. That summer I made an adaptation of a Hungarian play, *The Kingdom of Sancho Panza*, which was afterwards done in another version by Otis Skinner. When I came back to this country, Claire Eames and José Ruben were appearing in *Swords*. That was in 1922. I began again to write articles and newspaper stories. I wrote a couple of plays and tore them up; started work on a novel

and never finished it, and a year later married Miss Eames. Then I commenced work on *Hearst's International*, and at the end of a year had saved enough to go to Venice for a year. There I wrote *They Knew What They Wanted*.

"Returning to this country, I started work on *McCall's*, and am still with that publication. Since my return from Venice I have written a book of four short stories, including a serial, *Three Flights Up*. After a trip out to California, where my wife was working on *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, I came back and wrote an historic pageant for the Historical Society of Lexington, Mass. It will be put on in June in a big outdoor theatre. This was followed by an American comedy, called *Lucky Sam McCarber*, which will be done next season, and I was also kept busy investigating professional patriotic organizations for the *New Republic*."

Mr. Howard wrote *Bewitched* with Edward Sheldon, and later translated from the French *SS. Tenacity*, Charles Vildrac's play. He also translated another of the French playwright's works, *Michel Auclair*, which was recently produced by the Provincetown Players, and is at this writing working on a translation of Rostand's *Le Dernier Nuit de Don Juan*.

THOUGH Mr. Howard is somewhat of a newcomer to Broadway, in the sense that there are many other playwrights who have more produced plays to their credit, his varied experiences in the writing field and his work on dramatic translations, coupled with his unique and successful *They Knew What They Wanted*, should make his views on the drama worth listening to. Hear them what he has to say on the subject. His likes and dislikes are definite, his way of expressing himself decidedly articulate, though he is self-deprecating in this respect. He says:

"I am principally interested in a play about real people. I am definitely not interested in the well-made situation play unless the situation is inevitable. I am not interested in the French 'problem play,' which is plot divided by four, with effective curtains. I am not interested in expressionism. I suppose I am what might be termed an 'artistic conservative.' It bores me exceedingly to hear about people striving for new forms. I think a new form is achieved only accidentally. This conscious striving for novelty of form irritates me."

"My two favorite plays of the past season are *What Price Glory* and *The Show-Off*. In both of these plays is novel form, but artistically accomplished, and without conscious effort. In *What Price Glory* the characters are real and the incidents are developed and unfolded in a logical and not

(Continued on page 52)



At the sign of "The Bedroom and Bath" may be seen the Knights of the Leer and the Ladies of the More, or Usually Less, Suppressed Winks watching the gartered heroines of the Boudoir Farce

All Sorts and Conditions

in

New York Audiences

(Sketches by Ethel Plummer)



Theatre Guild audiences refute completely the argument that the intelligentsia is composed of the great "unwashed," for here may be seen, worshipping at the shrine of sophisticated drama, young men with Brooks tuxedos, Van Dyke beards and five-foot bookshelf intellects, accompanied by young women who know how to manipulate with equal grace a volume of Nietzsche and a Spanish shawl

Down below the Forties, where the roaring is done mainly by Italian babies and untamed tea-lions, Greenwich Village audiences congregate in the name of ART, wearing much or little hair as the sex may determine and garments as loose as their domestic affiliations

The Shimpky tribe, with diamonds, "mams" in shawl and "sheitel," sitting directly in front of the McGuinnises of County Cork, are united by the common bond of *Abie's Irish Rose*

There is no club-house equal to the New Amsterdam, for here assemble ministers, hat-box manufacturers, talcum-powder salesmen, deans of universities, frankfurter vendors, all believing with Ziegfeld that, be it ever so unadorned, beauty is beauty still



Shaw probably drew the material for the last scene of *Back to Methuselah* by attending a revival. Any number of she- and he-ancients may be seen sitting in classic manner at *The Mikado* or *The Servant in the House*. And they always say "Forty years ago I saw—"



OLGA BAKLANOVA
Leading member of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio, in Lecocq's opera, *The Daughter of Madame Angot*



VLADIMIR
NEMIROVITCH-DANTCHENKO
Caricature doll of the creator and director of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio, which Morris Gest is bringing to America in December



BORIS BELOSTOTSKY
A leading tenor of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio, in Offenbach's opera, *La Périchole*

The Lyric Daughter of the Sober Russians

Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio May Follow Path to America Blazed by Distinguished Parent

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

TALENT, it appears, runs not only in families but in institutions. We Americans are too young a nation to provide proof of that fact. Until very recent years our arts, and particularly our theatre, neglected the institutional form altogether. The individualism of the pioneer persisted. But there is no other possible explanation for the vitality which, in generation after generation, the Comédie Française, for instance, has disclosed.

The latest of the great institutional theatres of Europe to add its testimony in proof of this law of artistic heredity is the Moscow Art Theatre. This great company, to which for two entire seasons Morris Gest played sponsor and we played hosts, has a daughter. Unlike its sober and dignified parent, this daughter is gay and light-hearted. It has been christened the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, after its creator and director, the man who shared those rôles with Stanislavsky in the founding of the Art Theatre itself twenty-seven years ago this month. And, after five years' precocious growth in Moscow, it seems altogether likely that Mr. Gest will succeed in winning permission from the Russian capital for this company to come to America during the season just ahead.

The birth, rapid growth and sudden accession to world fame of this new company is a most emphatic answer to a question which many people asked during the sojourn of the Moscow Art Theatre here. That question was: Is this wonderful institution doomed, with the inevitable passing of time, to disappear, leaving only memory of its achievements and the stimulus of its example? Not only those who were

skeptical about the Russians, but also their stanchest friends, asked this question and found no evidence for a hopeful answer.

But all those who doubted, whether gladly or reluctantly, forgot to take into account the law that I have cited above. The spirit of the Moscow Art Theatre has been born anew in its lyric daughter.

It is only natural that we should have two angles of curiosity about these prospective visitors to our stage. How does the Musical Studio resemble its sober parent? How does it differ? Fortunately, however, our thorough acquaintance with the parent enables us to answer these questions conciently. It wasn't so easy with the Moscow Art Theatre itself three years ago, for we had nothing like it in our experience to make comparisons significant.

Summed up, the answer to these questions is simply this: The Musical Studio resembles the Moscow Art Theatre in almost every respect save those essential variations connnected by its title. Let us see just what that means in detail. The Musical Studio was founded five years ago by Dantchenko on a repertory basis, like its parent. The first production was Lecocq's *The Daughter of Madame Angot*. That was the year of the great Russian famine. Two years passed before the second production was ready, Offenbach's *La Périchole*. The wonder is, not that the repertory was so slow in growing, but that artists, hungry and facing death, had the ambition and energy to make a single new production, let alone dream and put into effect the intricate mechanism of a wholly new stage and company. These two light operas were used on a repertory basis to supplement the continuing repertory of the dramatic company until Stanislavsky, at the head of that

company, departed for Berlin, Paris and New York.

Left alone as sole tenants of the home stage, Dantchenko and his Musical Studio at once put in rehearsal their third production, Aristophanes' blustering and grotesque and hilarious old comedy, *Lysistrata*. The second year of absence on the part of the dramatic company induced the keepers of the hearth to prepare their fourth production, Bizet's *Carmencita*, which, at its première in June, 1924, while Stanislavsky and his co-workers were on the ocean homeward bound, convinced the last doubter in Moscow that Dantchenko had performed the miracle of keeping alive the traditions of the Art Theatre through the younger generation.

Beginning last season, the old régime was resumed, with the dramatic company and the Musical Studio as joint occupants of the Art Theatre's main stage. When I saw this régime in operation on my return to Moscow last Winter, I was present at the 241st performance of *The Daughter of Madame Angot*, the 109th of *La Périchole*, the 105th of *Lysistrata* and the eighteenth of *Carmencita*. The productions of the Musical Studio thus are achieving records without being worn out, thanks to the repertory system, just as the plays of Tchekhoff, Gorky and the rest have done in the Art Theatre itself.

Joint expedients alongside the repertory system which have been borrowed or rather inherited from the Moscow Art Theatre are thorough-going rehearsal, rotation of rôles and absence of the star system. By these expedients the Musical Studio has been able to present a finished work of art in each new production. By these expedi-

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NADIEZHDA
KEMARSKAYA
In the rôle of
Clairette Angot
in the first act of
Lecocq's *The
Daughter of Ma-
dame Angot*



IVAN VELIKANOFF
A leading tenor as Ange Pitou in
Lecocq's *The Daughter of Madame
Angot*



The entire three acts of Aristophanes' racy old comedy, *Lysistrata*, are given in a single setting which presents different aspects when the revolving stage discloses different angles to the audience. Three of these angles are shown above: The overpowering of the emissaries from the old men (top); the appeal of the two factions, men and women, to the audience (center); the final overthrow of the old men's forces (bottom)

RUSSIAN SINGERS TO PRESENT ARISTOPHANES' "LYSISTRATA" HERE

This production, given with unexpurgated text and with music in the classic Greek style by Gliere, one of the most important in the repertory of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio

(Below) When Napier and Iris met, after ten years, she was twice a widow and more than that, and he was to become a proper English husband in three days, but Iris had loved him for many tragic years, so in the darkness she took off her green hat, *pour le sport*



(Center) Katharine Cornell as Iris Storm, that lovely, desolate lady, who loved many casually because she loved one too well, made romance of defeat, and given victory at last, flung it back bravely to those who had withheld it to go riding into eternity in a swift Hispano-Suiza

Photos White

(Below) Although Napier was lost in the glamour of Iris, he renounced her once more to marry Venice, his betrothed, and when the two women saw each other again, Napier's wife had lived months of happiness and Napier's love had suffered gallantly alone



(Below) Iris had journeyed toward death for a child, but came back empty-handed to face the wondering eyes of Venice, the crucified look of Napier and the grimness of Hilary, who judged her as deeply as he loved her



THE VOGUE OF "THE GREEN HAT"

Michael Arlen's Fascinating Tale of That Fell Lady Whose Bright Bonnet May Become Almost as Famous as Cyrano's

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



THE revues have it. It is true that, with one or two exceptions, they haven't very much either of wit, beauty or even of tunefulness, but from the moment that the sun becomes too intimate with the dome on the Capitol Theatre to the time that the geometrically-jawed matinée idols and fluttering heroines grow lonely once more for their "dear public" and a larger balance on the check account, the revues keep Broadway from being sprinkled with moth balls and wrapped in cheese-cloth.

One of the first revues to wave a few dozen curving legs in defiance of the mounting temperature was *Artists and Models*, proudly announced by the busy Shuberts as the Paris Edition—the Paris being justified by the appearance of eighteen Gertrude Hoffman Dancing Girls. These girls, charged with electric sparks, flash in and out of the rapidly changing scenes, giving the audience a fair idea of what perpetual motion might be like. They dance after every conceivable fashion and school, they fence with endless litheness and vitality, and clad advantageously in sunflower-hued tights, they perform gracefully upon ropes in the manner of circus acrobats.

One has learned not to expect too much of revues, but *Artists and Models* is original now and then and in quite frequent spots even funny. In place of lean young women from Onatonka parading as Wine, Lust and Sorrow, there is a "Rotisserie Number" in which some of the best portions of the chorus, decked out as fowls, are tied to a spit and revolve before a realistic grate. Then there are the "pastels"—girls prettily attired in those shades, who emerge from a huge paint-box. Furthermore, lest sentiment be forgotten, there is a scene entitled "Mothers of the World," where in beautiful settings, Japanese, Spanish and South Sea Island parents croon lullabies without, however, flooding the theatre with the canned honey upon which many so-called sophisticates secretly feed.

In addition there is Phil Baker, decidedly not Parisian, propped up against his accordion; there is romantic Walter Woolf, gingery Francis Williams and the patter of Stanley Rogers.

QUITE different is the third edition of the *Grand Street Follies* at the Neighborhood Playhouse, for here is the spirit of utter youthful nonsense, masking the quick perception and critical relentlessness of those who have never learned to be either afraid or malicious. There is a delicious travesty entitled *They Knew What They Wanted Under the Elms*, where O'Neill's stark tragedy is turned into farce with the aid of a Ray Dooley baby, a gorilla and a few simultaneous love-bouts in the three-walled farm-house.

In *What Price Morning Glories* is given the Neighborhood Players' idea of how Golden

would have written the Stallings-Anderson version of the American marines in France, for instead of a drunken, slovenly captain there is an immaculately attired officer proposing holy matrimony to the innocent hostess of the tea-room, and in place of a profane, dissolute sergeant, is a dear boy, becomingly arrayed in

signed by Robert E. Locher, are in keeping with the spirit of the old-time burlesque. This is particularly true of the gowns worn by Antoinette Perry, the plump blonde, all curves and simpers. The voices are not so good, with the exception perhaps of those of Rosamond White-side, in the rôle of one of the sweethearts, and

Jay Fassett, in the rôle of the be-spectacled man of mystery. J. M. Kerrigan is amusing as the "young man of property."

Altogether it is an entertaining and diverting production, well staged and acted.

Plays You Ought to See

ROSE-MARIE—That *rara avis*, an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent. In the title rôle charming Mary Ellis, a newcomer, establishes herself as the peer of any musical comedy star in the country.

GRAND STREET FOLLIES—Delicious burlesque of current Broadway successes, with clever imitations of the idiosyncrasies of well-known theatrical figures.

THE GORILLA—A burlesque mystery story. One of the funniest and most thrilling shows ever seen on Broadway.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Delightful musical version of the *Old Heidelberg* play. Tuneful music, excellent singing and an unusual chorus.

LADY, BE GOOD—Charming musical comedy in which the insouciant Astaires carry off nearly all the honors and also superb clowning by Walter Catlett.

IS ZAT SO?—Genuinely funny comedy which no one who enjoys a good laugh should miss.

periwinkle satin pajamas, recklessly quaffing soda-pop.

Another ambitious scene at the Playhouse is *L'Irländesa Rosa Dell' Abie*, an hilarious grand-opera version of Anne Nichols' deathless comedy. There are imitations of Gigli as Abie, Jeritza as Rose, Chaliapin as the Jewish father, Scotti as the Irish one, etc., and as a ballet divertissement comes one of the most wonderful burlesques of the entire performance. Albert Carroll is by far the most interesting actor in the company, and he gives an imitation of Pavlowa in her famous *Swan Dance* which approaches genius. Vaguely the grace and the mood are there, but by some subtle, imperceptible trick it becomes a silly, sentimental gesture.

There are other clever imitations of Lillian Gish, George Arliss, the Duncan Sisters, Lynn Fontanne and Pauline Lord.

ENGAGED is again a different sort of musical entertainment, wedged in between the dying flickers of last Winter's hits and the oncoming procession of new plays.

This quaint burlesque by W. S. Gilbert was a particularly happy choice of The Stagers for the last production of the season. It leaves their patrons in an auspicious mood to face the new season's offerings. Gilbert wrote *Engaged*, which was presented for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre in London in 1877, without a score, but music and lyrics have been provided by Brian Hooker.

The dialogue is amusing, the situations equally so, and the costumes, which were de-

WHATSOEVER dire things may befall New York audiences in the coming season—no matter how many plays in which men in nighties crawl stealthily from bed to closet, no matter how many foreclosed mortgages or Irish comedies, nothing so dreadful as the *George White Scandals* can occur. It wasn't the dialogue, which would have made the jabberings of a Javanese ape-man seem witty; it wasn't the song cycle, which included variations on three notes to the enhancing of such sentiments as "Building a Nest in the Heart of the West."

Revue audiences have become inured to such banalities. But at least they expect figures which are not the worse for wear and costumes which do not resemble the machinations of the president of the "Happy Girls' Glee Club" when they give a "play" in the Social Community Hall.

And as if the poor taste of the production were not quite enough, the revue was opened by a clever youngster of not more than ten years, who repeated faithfully the knowing winks, sly gestures and phrases which had been taught him at such times when he should have been batting a ball about an empty lot.

BEFORE you enter the portals of the Earl Carroll Theatre, where the third edition of the *Vanities* (imperfectly imitating the atmosphere of a night club) conspires (also imperfectly) to be entertaining, you encounter a huge billboard which assures you of the arch wagery and happy humor of one Julius Tannen. But while you fidget uneasily through a performance which is prettily staged but unmercifully prolonged, you know that the billboard is a snare and a delusion. Such laughter as feebly resounds through the newly decorated auditorium is coaxed forth by the movement of Ted Healy's thumb and the burlesque antics of a sign-painter's "ballet," which are the only humorous gestures in the entire revue. But where the wit of the occasion falls flat, the limbs of the well-trained chorus fly equally high.

Still, Earl Carroll's little concoction is not altogether without its novelty, for during intermission some dozen nicely proportioned chorus girls, not too generously clothed, parade through the audience, acting, ostensibly, as ushers.

Stage Indecency—Then and Now

A Play That Made Our Daddies Blush Could Be Read in Sunday-school To-day

By CHARLES BURNHAM

THE present loud outcry against indecency in the theatre is not the first time that public opinion has been aroused by the loose character of some of the plays presented on the stage. Twenty-five years ago, during the theatrical season of 1899-1900, the playgoers of New York City were called upon to refuse their patronage to those theatres presenting plays adjudged to be immoral, degrading and serving to degenerate the stage and vitiate the public morals.

As always happens at such times, those plays which received the greatest denunciation in the public prints were the ones the public patronized most liberally. The productions that came in for the most severe criticism were *Naughty Anthony*, *Coralie and Company*, *The Surprises of Love*, *Wheels Within Wheels*, *The Girl in the Barracks*, *Make Way for the Ladies*, *Mile. 'Awkins and Sappho*. Some one or two of these pieces lasted a brief fortnight; others enjoyed a more prosperous career, while *Naughty Anthony* and *Sappho* coined money for their producers.

Naughty Anthony, presented by David Belasco at the Herald Square Theatre, was enacted by a company that included Blanche Bates, Maude Harrison, Olive Redpath, William Elton, W. J. LeMoyne and Frank Worthing. A pair of silk stockings, rather prominently exploited, was the pivotal idea of Belasco's play. They were exceedingly well displayed by Miss Bates, who coquettishly raised her long skirts, an incident primarily the cardinal sin of the play. Can one imagine such a thing as short skirts being denounced to-day?

Mrs. Langtry, at the Garden Theatre in Sydney Grundy's *The Degenerates*, fell afoul of the upholders and was roundly abused for the production of a play that had for its theme the story of a woman turned from a tarnished path by the contemplation of her daughter's virtues.

THE most notorious of all the plays under adverse criticism was *Sappho*, adapted by Clyde Fitch from Alphonse Daudet's novel, and a French piece written by MM. Daudet and Belot. So intense became the clamor raised against *Sappho* that it caused the closing of Wallack's Theatre, where the play was being presented,

and led to the technical arrest of Theodore Moss, owner of the house, and Miss Olga Nethersole, the star of the production.

For some time previous to her engagement in New York Miss Nethersole had been appearing in the play in the West, but not until she reached Pittsburgh were any very adverse criticisms concerning the story of the piece encountered. Some of these notices, many of them inspired, termed the performance "meretricious, obscene and vulgar."

This invective had its usual result, in the crowding of the theatre where Miss Nethersole was appearing. The press-agent of

of the engagement was sold in one day.

The first performance was to have taken place in January, but owing to the illness of Miss Nethersole (announced as a nervous attack due to the strictures passed upon her characterization of *Sappho*, but really a plebeian attack of the mumps), the opening night was postponed to February, a delay that served to give the agent of the company more time for his propaganda concerning the grossness of the play. An audience that included many of the celebrities of the town, leaders in the social, artistic and literary world, gathered at Wallack's that night in February, fully imbued with the idea that they were to witness a lewd entertainment, one which they felt it their duty to attend that they might denounce its obscenity should it prove as bad as they really hoped for.

The auditors showed their feeling in their attitude and in the discussion that took place in the crowded lobby previous to the rise of the curtain. Even the galleryites were possessed with the air of expectancy that pervaded the other portions of the house. Throughout the entire evening that assemblage—with one exception—waited with breathless impatience for the immodest to happen, and it was not until the portrayal of the scene where Sappho's lover picks her up in his arms to carry her up a spiral staircase to his room above, happening just at the fall of the curtain, did

anything occur that could be construed as licentious. But the audience was not to be denied its prey and, having come to witness a debauch, seized upon this one scene as something to be derided. In reality it was the spiral staircase—something new in stage decoration—more than the action that accompanied the scenery that seemed to agitate the auditors. To the minds of many present that night the performance was deemed a dull, stupid affair. The one exception I spoke of above was that of a spectator in the gallery, found fast asleep by the watchman after the play was over, and who on being awakened inquired when they were going to "carry Sappho up-stairs."



Photo Byron

A HECTIC MOMENT IN CLYDE FITCH'S *SAPPHO*

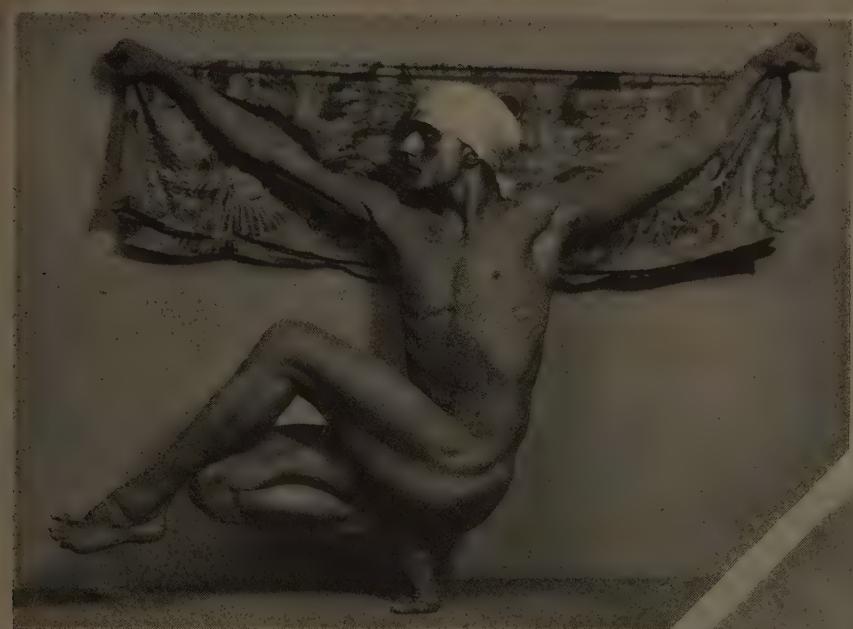
This quite innocuous comedy, judging by present-day standards, scandalized New York when produced two decades ago and was stopped by the police. Hamilton Revelle (on the sofa) played the hero and Olga Nethersole, seen very daringly lighting a cigarette, appeared as Sappho

the company immediately seized upon this issue as a means of exploiting the play for its presentation in New York. Item after item, emphasizing the loose character of *Sappho*, appeared in the public prints, with many a sly reference to the *risqué* scenes in which the play abounded. Gossip became busy in the public restaurants, at the clubs and in the hotel lobbies, until theatre-goers were worked up to a feverish anticipation of a night at the theatre where indecency would appear upon the stage unclothed.

As manager of Wallack's Theatre for Mr. Moss, I endeavored to have this method of advertising stopped and made especial plea to the author, Clyde Fitch, for his assistance. He declined to interfere, and the continued publication of articles hinting at "smut" had the desired effect, so that when the seat sale opened every ticket for the first four weeks

THE press the following morning was divided in its opinions, some referring to the play as "stupid," others terming it

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Muray

CHESTER HALE

American classic dancer, guest star at the Diaghileff Dance Carnival at Monte Carlo this summer, was last seen in New York in *Hazzard Short's Ritz Revue*



Muray

ANDREAS PAVLEY

Creator of the Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, one of the most attractive features of the Chicago and San Carlo opera companies, in his striking Syrian Temple Dance



Goldberg

TED SHAWN

Interpreter of Spanish, Japanese, Assyrian and Indian dances, has done most to spread his cult of beauty by means of dances inspired by the Greek ideal

GODS OF THE DANCE

Showing That Masculine Beauty Is as Harmonious to Rythmic Movement as the Delicate Feminine Figure

Who's Who Among the Chorus Men?

Broadway's Dancing Dandies the Most Anomalous Persons in the World of the Theatre

By CAROL BIRD

PRETTY Meggy! Pretty Meggy!" Here they come! Dainty. Elegant. Skipping their graceful way across the stage. Nodding their heads from side to side. Sartorially perfect. Sleek hair pomaded. Patent-leather pumps gleaming. Well-manicured hands waving airily. Singing, in unison, in high tenor voices: "Pretty Meggy! Pretty Meggy!"

The chorus men. The boys with the easy feet. The dancing dandies. The most anomalous persons in the World of the Theatre.

A strange clan. From whence do they come? Where do they go when their dancing days are over? Where and how do they live? Nobody knows. And, apparently, nobody cares. Animated automatons, they enliven the Broadway musical comedies and revues with their dancing, their warbling and their affectedly fastidious appearance. They form a temporary background for the principals. And when they've done their bright bit, they again return to the limbo of the forgotten.

Even the grandiloquent press-agent forgets to record their goings and comings and doings. Chorus men! Who cares about them?

Go on a research tour regarding them. You won't find out much. You might as well be asking questions about stage props.

Visit the office of a theatrical agent who engages them in large numbers for Broadway musical shows. Question him. He looks at you quizzically:

"Come now. You don't want to write about the chorus men. Who cares to know about them? They're just—chorus men. Boys with the easy feet. I pick them as I do chorus girls. For their looks. The way they wear their clothes. Their dancing. Pretty fellows. Awfully careful about picking the right scarf to match their complexions. Like to wear big seal-rings on their little fingers. Love having their pictures taken. Find 'em hanging all over the rooms of chorus men. Their own photos and those of their dear friends.

"Droves of 'em flock to my office every day. I've got to be careful not to select masculine-appearing men. That's no joke. Their work in the musical productions demand that they be young, graceful, slight of figure, easy to look at. Yes. Feminine in appearance. Otherwise they'd spoil the general stage picture.

"Where do they live? Oh, their idea of a big time is to go housekeeping together. Three or four in a small apartment. Here they can bake pies, roast chicken, and dabble with light salads to their hearts' content."

AND the husky theatrical agent laughs whole-heartedly at the amusing picture he has drawn of the home life of the chorus man.

Go back stage. You will discover the same attitude on the part of members of the cast toward the chorus men. The chorus boys are herded together, eight or ten in a room. Their high-pitched voices are necessarily subdued. An ever-watchful stage director will ask them what the devil

Their stage business is alike. Cues alike. Inane deportment the same.

"Pretty Meggy! Pretty Meggy!" Or if not "Pretty Meggy, Pretty Meggy," "Lovely Betty, Lovely Betty," or "In your eyes I see the Skies," or similar singing patter.

You do more sleuthing. Find out that the chorus man was not always such a theatrical lightweight as he appears to be considered to-day. In the days when the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were produced the chorus men had to do something else but dance and look charming. They had to sing and sing exceptionally well. They were by no means negligible parts of the cast of *Veronique*, *The Merry Widow*, *The Chocolate Soldier*, *Pinafore* and all the other old-time operas and operettas. They drew down only \$25 a week in those long-gone days. But they sang four-part harmony instead of singing in unison as they do to-day. And they understudied the principals and were afforded the glorious chance of substituting for them. They frequently were promoted out of the chorus and became principals themselves.

"But times have changed," said the theatrical agent. "There is very little singing in the musical shows of to-day. You can't get the same amount of work out of the chorus boys now as you could years ago, either. The boys to-day are satisfied to make a bare existence. Eight, ten, twelve or fourteen are usually used in a musical show now. They get \$50 to \$65 a week. Believe me, they're not keen about hard work, those boys. They seem to get a kick out of just dancing about easily, as though they were in a ballroom instead of in a profession, and earning their living at it.

"Sure, there's a whole flock of the lads out in my waiting-room now. Overhear me? What of it? You can't insult chorus men. They just laugh off everything you say to 'em. Not exactly thick-skinned. Just immune to ridicule or mockery. Can't figure it out myself. Perhaps they're accustomed to teasing.

"Spenders? No. They can't be on their salaries. Besides, what they do earn they blow in on snappy clothes. They're awfully fussy about their togs. Like women in that respect. They're always well groomed. You've got to say that for them. And they're good-natured chaps. They form cliques and pal around together. The average age of chorus men is from eighteen to twenty-five years. What happens to 'em when their dancing days are over? Nobody knows."

SO here and there you glean a bit of information about the chorus man. It is all more or less superficial gossip. Nobody, it appears, along the whole length of gay Broadway, seems to give a tinker's damn about who and what the chorus man really

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Sartorially perfect, sleek hair pomaded, patent-leather pumps gleaming—the chorus man skips his graceful way across the stage
(Sketch by John Decker)

all the shootin's for, if they don't behave. Mild-mannered, timorous souls, they look at the hard-boiled, outspoken stage director with no small amount of fear.

They prance nimbly out into the wings. Dapper clothes. Creases like razor-blades. Braided lapels. The newest cut tuxedos. Perhaps this number calls for sticks. They twirl them easily, gracefully. The pert chorus girls skip out of their dressing-rooms. Shaking their bobbed manes. They chatter among themselves. Pay scarcely any attention to the dancing men. If they do address them, it is with condescending tolerance. They're part of the show; we might as well put up with 'em, their manner implies.

And when the good-looking girls and the good-looking boys flash out upon the stage together, they somehow look alike. Feet twinkling. Heads bobbing in unison. To the right. To the left. Up and down. Slender bodies whirl about on their toes. Hands flutter at the same time like flapping birds' wings. Rouged lips. The fixed smile. Dancing dolls. Nothing much to differentiate them, except their clothes. And even those match up and look somewhat alike.



MARTHA BRYAN
ALLEN

Deserves better rôles than the very sweet New England waifs and the adorable South Sea island belles which her genuine talent and charm somehow made plausible during the past season

MARJORIE
VONNEGUT

Who first attracted attention as a member of the Washington Square Players, has joined The Stagers, under whom she has given two delightful performances in *The Blue Peter* and *Engaged*



LOIS MORAN

Pretty and sixteen, was discovered by Marc Connelly, who has written an important ingénue part for her stage début in his new play, *The Wisdom Tooth*

Photos by
White

THREE OF A KIND

Interpreters of the Gentler Feminine Type Who Manage To Be Charming Without the Aid of Oriental Attitudes and Tigerish Philosophies

The London Summer Stage

Satire of American Crook Play. Return of Joe Coyne. Self-appointed Play Juries

By J. T. GREIN

Special Correspondent of "Theatre Magazine"

London, July 15, 1925.

HERE is a movement on foot to purify the tendencies of the theatre. Well-meaning ladies are forming a kind of watch committee, which will go to the play and when they find fault with its morals, complain to the Lord Chamberlain or raise a protest at the playhouse. Of course no one can prevent them from appealing to the Lord Chamberlain, but to disturb the performance—for that is what it will come to—is a very arbitrary and reprehensible proceeding. Nor is there any necessity for the crusade.

On the whole the London Theatre is morally sound, and if there are plays of a so-called unpleasant nature who will gainsay that to a certain extent they reflect the morals of our time. Even Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels* cannot be placed on the same level as the notorious Parisian bedroom plays, of which just now there is a happy absence on the London stage, and it would be unfair to accuse the author or the manager of wilfully pandering to the "baser tastes" of the public. If morality is to be weighed in a puritanical spirit—what about Shakespeare and some of his plays, what about the Elizabethans?

PORTRAIT OF JOE COYNE

HE must have rubbed his eyes when he read of himself—on his return to London in *No, No, Nanette*—that he and George Grossmith are veterans. The word begins to be a nuisance with its visions of stiff limbs and lantern jaws, now that it is invariably applied to people who have worked hard and for years in unabated zeal.

There is no mark of time, let alone the wear and tear of veteranism in Joe Coyne. He is like that handsome five-dollar piece, nimble to handle, ever lustrous, unassailable by time. He may reach the seniority of a theatrical Methuselah. He will still be Joe Coyne. His is the charm inexplicable. Women of all sorts, from the high and mighty dowager to the most romantic midinette doting on romance, will tell you that he is fascinating. He is not a singer, he is merely a *diseur*, for his voice is small, his notes are husky and do not soar high, yet his chanting is more ensnaring than the *bel canto* of many tenors and baritones.

He is not a great actor in the technical sense of the word, but he is an exquisite dancer. He saunters through a play like a clubman in idle hours perambulates Bond Street. Apparently the world interests him not, maybe bores him. It is the pose of the perfect *flaneur*. Yet within he is all on the alert. There is some magic in human nature which is beyond the research and analysis of science. It is the dower of the few and its cause is indefinable.

But it has one mesmerizing influence; it spellbinds men and women willy-nilly in the symphonic feeling of good-will and fellowship.

Such is Joe Coyne. Not an Apollo, not

not take kindly to it, and as I write the last nights—two weeks in all—are in sight. It is a great pity, for Lyn Harding's performance is one of great merit and a *tour de force*. He is perhaps not the steward as one saw him in the book, an eerie, snake-like, almost impish figure; Harding is a massive, imposing man, but yet managed to maintain the awe and mystery of the character—there was madness in his eye as well as in his method. And Miss Haidée Wright's deaf matron, so small, so frail and yet so commanding, swayed this big hulk of a fellow with withering words, and thereby established a wonderful contrast. I believe that in America *Ordeal* would have a happier fate than in London, and I understand that it will soon be seen on your side.

Another play that will come to New York under the wings of the Shuberts is *The Crooked Friday*, by Monckton Hoffe, in which Mary Glynne suddenly revealed herself an actress of power and a very incisive sense of humor. Hitherto she was associated with the characters of charming women—the pussy-cats in plays. Now she, in the amusing and yet somewhat pathetic figure of the girl who was a foundling and became a leader of crooks in New York until, of course! love regenerated her, is the life and soul of the play. To your playgoers, this strange mixture of comedy, drama and satire will be interesting, for the author who knows America and American ways well attempts mockery of crook plays, such as you send us in quantities, with great dexterity. It has a distinct transatlantic flavor, and as for once the characters as well as the accent are comic without being grotesque, it is likely to appeal to your audiences even more forcibly than ours. To us it is Monckton Hoffe's delicate style, his whimsical Irish inspiration which appeal most.

THE unexpected always happens in the theatre. At the first night of *Ordeal*, Dale Collins' own adaptation of his fine novel, at the Strand Theatre, we believed that Lyn Harding, who played the main part, had a real success. Personally I was thrilled. The atmosphere of the book has become less fine of texture on the stage, and the play as it stands is strong melodrama of the old-fashioned sort. There is mystery and awe in the air when the mad steward becomes the master of the drifting yacht, subjugates the men of the party and coerces the women. The scene in which he ladies out small cups of water to the parched passengers and would barter the young girl's honor for a draught is very strong. It held the audience spellbound and seemed to decide the balance in favor of the play. But somehow our public did

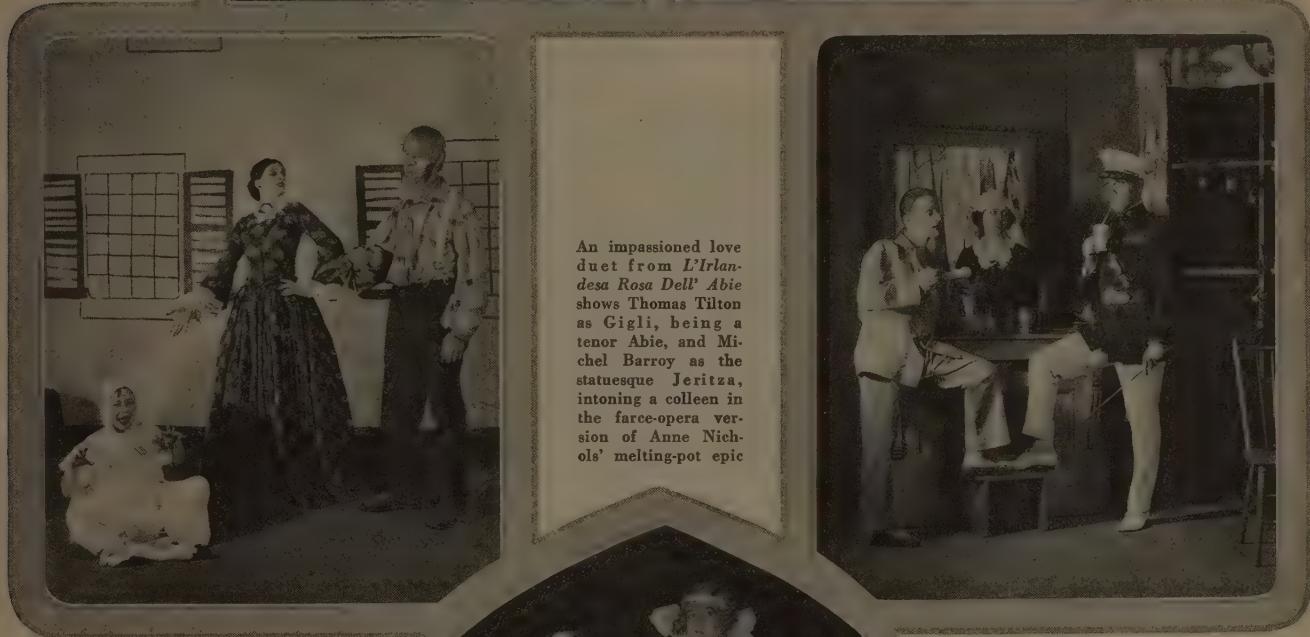


Pollard Crowther
Olga Lindo as Sadie Thompson in Basil Dean's London production of *Rain*

William Beyer as Clifton Webb and Sadie Sussman as Mary Hay give a clever imitation of the sprightly antics of that comic dancing team which held forth nightly at Ciro's



The sugary patter of Little Eva and the roguish clowning of Topsy are startlingly reproduced by Dorothy Sands and Lois Shore in their counterpart of the Duncan Sisters



Abbie (Vera Allen) discovers that Ephraim (Otto Holcius) has a Ray Dooley baby (Lois Shore), which this New England siren immediately drowns to prevent interruptions in her petting-bee with Ben Cellini in a hectic burlesque entitled *They Knew What They Wanted Under the Elms*

An impassioned love duet from *L'Irlandesa Rosa Dell' Abie* shows Thomas Tilton as Gigli, being a tenor Abie, and Michel Barroy as the statuesque Jeritza, intoning a coleen in the farce-opera version of Anne Nichols' melting-pot epic



The Captain, decked out in spotless yachting attire, and the Sergeant, wearing a pretty suit of periwinkle satin pajamas, toast each other in reckless fashion over glasses of straight cream soda in the presence of the innocent hostess of the "Morning Glory Tea Room" in a purified version of *What Price Glory*

"THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES" AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE
This Sparkling Revue is Composed of Delicious Burlesques on Recent Broadway Successes

The Italian Futurists

Marinetti, Champion of the Cerebral, the Most Original and Significant Figure on Continental Stage

By MAXIM GORDON

THE Italian Futurists and their leader, Marinetti, have recently been the recipients of a vast and favorable demonstration in Italy. At Milan, Marinetti was presented with an enormous Italian flag. And there were elaborate festivities celebrating the contributions of Marinetti himself and his associates, Prampolini and Russolo, to the advancement of Italy in the art of to-day. It is evident that Italy regards the Futurist movement as of great national importance. What is its international importance in the advancement of the modern theatre?

In various countries of Europe there has appeared during the last ten years a theatrical radicalism which, though scattered in its manifestations, has been enormously effective in clearing the ground of outmoded and obstructive conventions. The Futurist movement in Italy; the activities of the Sturm and similar groups in Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest; the Cocteau-Satie-Picasso innovations in the Russian Ballet and elsewhere; the Picabia and Leger moving picture experiments in France—are all phases of a common impulse toward a realization of the significance of the modern machine as the symbol of our present-day existence, toward an application in the theatre of the swift and simultaneous movement characteristic of our life, and toward the invention of new forms.

MORE consistent in its development than most

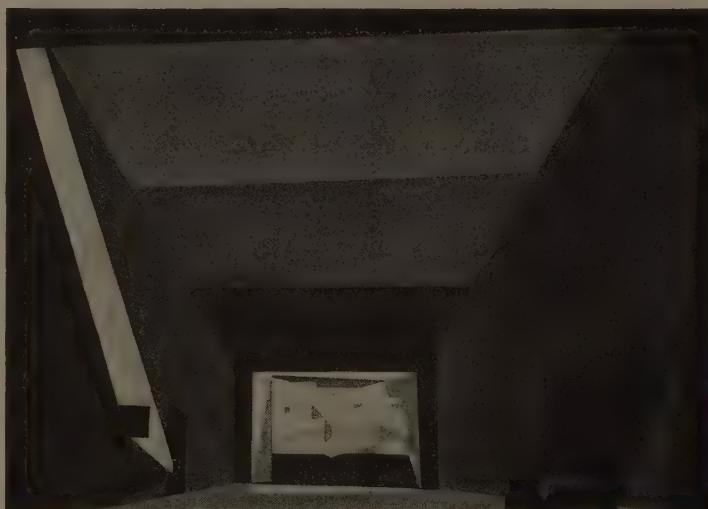
of these is the Futurist theatrical movement in Italy. When it began in 1913, following a now famous manifesto of Marinetti's, it was rather generally labeled as a violent spurt of extremist art propaganda which was likely to be short-lived. But the subsequent years have proved the fallacy of this assumption; and each year sees other sections of the present-day theatre catching up to those revolutionary principles announced long ago by the radicals of the Continent, and promulgated not only very early but with characteristic flamboyancy by the Italians. The Synthetic Theatre of Milan was the beginning of the Futurist movement. Milan was a logical starting place for the Futurists. It is the Chicago or the Pittsburgh of Italy; and it represents in physical aspects and in spirit the modern mechanical reaction against the "passatist" glories of a nation whose greatness has been centered in antiquity, in mediævalism, or at the

latest, in the sixteenth century Renaissance.

The plays of this first Futurist theatre were *The Electric Doll* of Marinetti; and others more or less similar by Settimelli, Folgore, Buzzi, Cangiullo, Carli; and the sculptor, Boccioni, who died early in the War. Within two years the activities of the group had spread throughout Italy, and their plays were also being given in various other European countries. Marinetti's *Fire Drum* was subsequently produced in ten different cities of Italy. Maria Carmi, now familiar to American audiences through her part in Reinhardt's production of *The Miracle* in New York, played in Marinetti's *White and Red*, on her native stage. This "triple synthesis of the states

of dramatic realization. The ordinary performance in the theatre puts a stress upon the adventures and conflicts of one set of characters which the Futurists conceive of as an emphasis so false as to partake of the old pathetic fallacy in poetry. To establish the co-existence of several other lines of action, restores the balance and gives to one series of events something closer to its relative importance, or unimportance, in the general scheme of life. The Futurists have used movable stages, movable scenery, in fact every means which they could invent to break away from the either purely oratorical or hidebound actualistic theatre of the past. A particularly spectacular experiment was the use

of a curtain only one yard up revealing merely the legs of the actors while their voices conveyed the content of the piece.



Interior in Prampolini's setting for Folgore's *Dial of Love*, produced at the National Theatre in Prague. The indoor feeling is conveyed by converging planes of color ranging from gray in the front to a variety of brilliant reds in the intersecting planes at the back. The furniture is red and completes the design of the set

of mind in love" makes demands and offers opportunities obviously not to be found in the direct and popular emotional appeal of *The Miracle*. Early this year the Futurists made a tour of twenty Italian cities, giving two ballets, one of which, *The Psychology of Machines*, is particularly characteristic of their contribution to contemporary theatrical repertoire, and evidences the important part played by their stage designers in the advancement of new theatrical ideas.

Marinetti and his colleague, Prampolini, have made numerous inventive and often significant experiments in staging. Most famous of these is the production of "simultaneist" plays on three planes. The theory back of simultaneism, though it is contrary to the conception of concentration which has always been considered essential to theatrical performance, offers a corrective point of view which it is valuable at least to have assumed in the problems

of rounded forms and undulating edges are introduced at the sides and in the middle background. Interiors are managed by converging side walls and ceiling in a series of gradated colors—a range from gray to bright red—leading to a wide and low recess which reveals intersecting planes at back center. The furniture is an adaptation of geometrical forms which completes the design.

But Prampolini has not confined himself to making sets for Futurist plays. In Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, produced at the National Theatre in Prague, for example, he provided a particularly brilliant diversity in the distribution of acting space, and offered at the same time an interesting recreation of a fixed milieu by presenting characteristic decorative elements of the Italian architecture of the period and region, in a composition of cubistic volumes and flat tilted planes.

One of the most interesting manifesta-
(Continued on page 50)



The cellar of the Palazzo Titoni in Rome, showing ruins of the Baths of Septimus Severus, before the Futurists took over the place for the installation of their Experimental Theatre



Exterior in Prampolini's setting for Folgore's *Dial of Love*. With flats painted in different colors and set up in different positions, and the introduction of a few curves, he has achieved a suggestive background as well as an interesting balance of forms



The cellar of the Palazzo Titoni transformed into the Teatro Sperimentale by the Futurists in Rome. The theatre, the art gallery and the restaurant which they have installed present Futurist designs in structure, decoration and furniture

AN EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE IN ROME

Dungeon-like Cellar Under Mussolini's Home Which the Futurists Have Converted Into a Comfortable Playhouse

“Has This Been Explained To You?”

The Greenhorn Is Answered by the People Who Ought to Know —

WHY ARE BOX-OFFICE ATTENDANTS CRANKY?

ANSWERED BY HARRY B. NELMES,
Belmont Theatre Box-Office, President of the Treasurers' Club of America.

MAYBE they aren't cranky. Maybe they're just weary. You see, a box-office man's relation to the public is somewhat similar to that of a policeman, a street-car conductor or any other public official. Every day—from 9 in the morning until 10 at night—he has to answer questions—the identical, same questions—day after day—like repetitions in a nightmare. There is no jot nor tittle of variation.

*“Have you two seats for to-night?
How far back are they?
You're sure they're in the center?
How much?”*

That's the average refrain, with each query the point of departure for further time-worn interrogations. Nearly everybody wants to sit "in the center," and most of them prefer the first eight rows, and, "on the aisle." Some day theatres may be constructed with all the seats "in the center" and "on the aisle," but at present we have only about 100 such seats to dispose of and a large percentage of our customers are, consequently, bound to be disappointed.

Many people seem to have grasped this fact, subconsciously, and they come to the box-office window with a mixture of hope and suspicion—a state of mind that often provokes altercations. In reality, the box-office man is a salesman for his firm. His business, in the majority of cases, is to sell a customer something in the way of seats which the customer doesn't exactly want and send him away satisfied. This requires tact and diplomacy, but tact and diplomacy won't work with everybody.

When the box-office man has a hit that is selling out six weeks in advance he is, in the nature of things, likely to forget that he is a salesman and act merely as a mechanical means of distributing tickets at so much a throw. He begins to feel something like a slot-machine—and that may cause him to look bored.

Don't be hard on him. In his position you, yourself, might sometimes be cranky—especially when you're in a hurry and there is a long line of tired pleasure-seekers outside your window, waiting for their "seats in the center, on the aisle, and not too far back, please."

WHY ARE STAGE VILLAINS MATINEE IDOLS?

ANSWERED BY LOWELL SHERMAN,
Star of "High Stakes."

WOMEN admire suavity, poise, cleverness and flattery—qualities with which the modern dramatist—happily for us who play the parts—endows his villains. They also hold a certain sympathy for the man who has the odds against him—be he

never so crooked. And the modern stage villain is generally in a lonesome minority.

They are apt to be less severe in their condemnation of his villainy, when it involves a woman, than men, because—consciously or unconsciously—they attribute weakness to the victim which, in themselves and under similar circumstances, would surely be strength. On the other hand, this pride in their own integrity gives them a sneaking admiration for the man who has conquered another of their kind. Illogical but thoroughly feminine!

As many men relish the stimulant of physical danger, so many women are fascinated by the presence of moral danger. This fascination is liable to attach itself to the embodiment of the danger, which is the villain, and he becomes an object of absorbing interest. If his offense is not too heinous and he is allowed the smallest fraction of repentance, his faults become positive virtues. After all, he has lost everything in the pursuit of his object—a woman. While the hero—well, his rôle has really been quite passive in comparison. The noble, conventional fellow has simply sought to protect the lady—a time-honored service which has grown irksome in many feminine eyes.

The world is full of heroes, but good villains are rare. That is why they are appreciated. And to prove this is not all theory, I am enclosing a recipe. If you are a husband whose wife has grown to regard you with about as much interest as she gives to the design in the wall-paper, just villainize a bit. A letter she mustn't see—a sprig of eglantine dropped casually from the pages of a book—the thoughtless murmur of a woman's name—dark hints—subtle allusions! Note the change that comes over your far better half, the querulous interest in her eyes, the tremulous pressure of her hand, the secret wondering in her heart whether, after all, she has triumphed where some other woman has failed! Ah, yes! A good villain is a fascinating fellow—even when he's your own husband.

WHY ARE THERE MORE WOMEN THAN MEN ON THE STAGE?

ANSWERED BY HARRY LANE,
Actors' Equity Association.

FIRST, because women are natural actresses. They begin to act as soon as they are out of the crib, and therefore gravitate more easily toward the stage than their brothers. They have an innate desire for pretty clothes, the limelight and adulation.

In the second place, there are more good-looking women than good-looking men, and the stage demands beauty. It is much easier, for example, to secure a handsome female juvenile lead than to get the same type in the male species. You can name a dozen beautiful young actresses for every good-looking young actor. And the young

actress, as a rule, is cleverer than the young actor.

Thirdly, there is a more rapid rotation in the ranks of women. Youth and beauty are evanescent, but there is always a new crop ready to replace the old. Many women are only transient in the profession: matrimony takes them off the stage. The feminine personnel, in other words, is constantly being replenished. According to the Chorus Equity's records there is, I believe, a complete new roster of names every four years.

Fourthly, women grow old less gracefully than men. The actor of fifty can, if need be, play a juvenile part, whereas the actress of fifty—with few exceptions—is doomed to "character" and "second-woman" rôles. This means that many more women are dropping out or being forced out as the demand for their services becomes more limited. The average stock company requires six men and four women. Of the four women, only one—the character woman—can really profit by her age. The others—ingénue, leading woman and second woman—must have the spirit and attractiveness of youth. It is a relentless tide. In the chorus it works its annual havoc. The result is a constant "turn-over," a perpetual passing through the mill of ten actresses to every actor.

WHY IS THE BALD-HEADED ROW BALD-HEADED?

ANSWERED BY MARY KISSEL,
Of "Artists and Models."

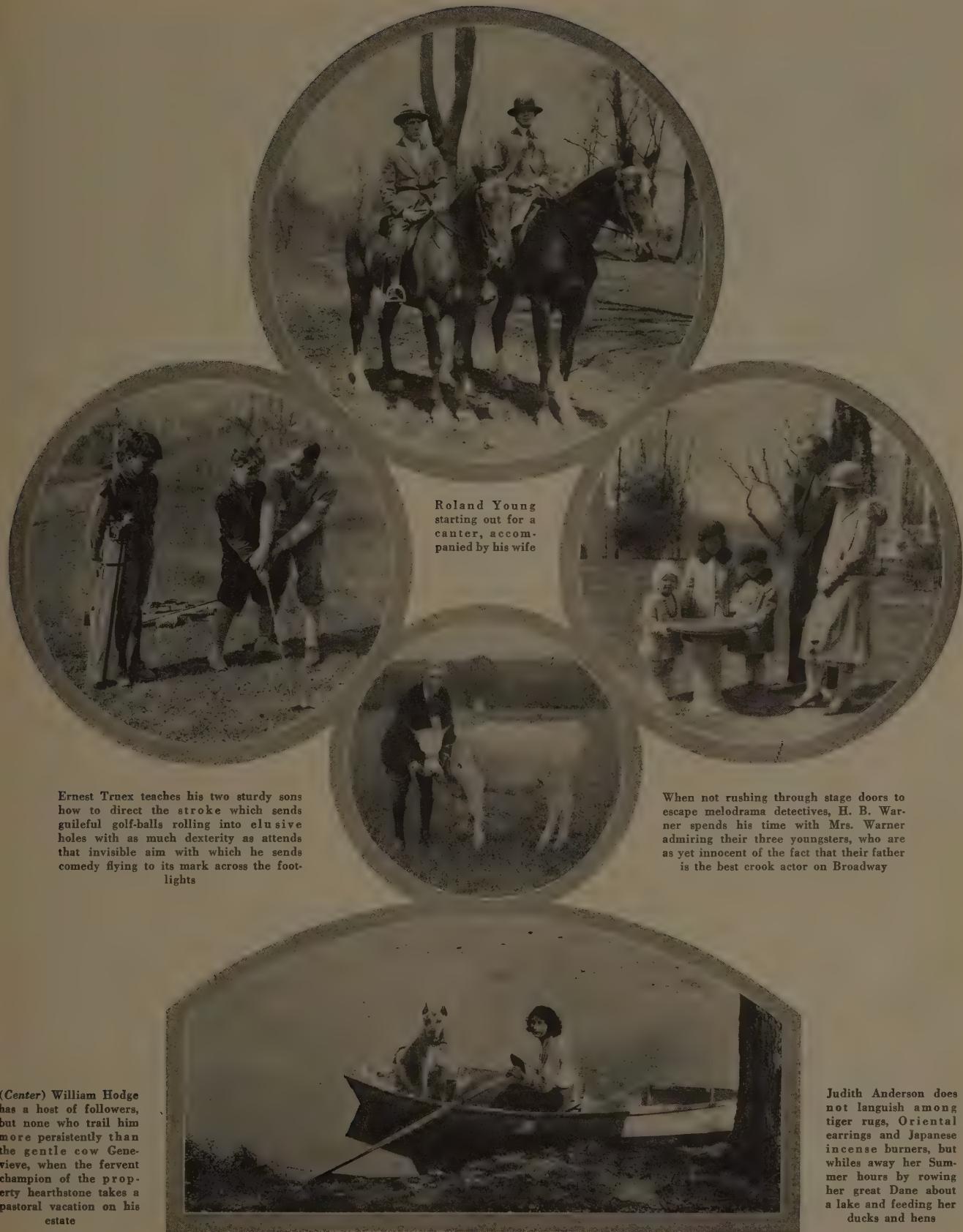
BALD-HEADEDNESS, according to my friend, Professor Leipzig, is a disease caused by a habit. The habit may be neglect of the hair, too much attention to the hair or musical comedy. In the latter instance it is caused by the constant tilting back of the head, which stops the circulation at the base of the scalp, dries up the corpuscles and eventually creates baldness. Hence the bald-headed row!

Elderly men—particularly bachelors, who have no decent incentive to keep their locks attractive—are the most frequent victims. If they would sit a few rows back they would be all right, but their intense desire to see everything that is going on—or off—forces them to sit as near the stage as possible. Many of them have eye trouble.

The front row, as a rule, is not on the level with the stage. I mean it requires a backward bending of the head to get the correct line of vision. I remember when the chorus used to swing out over the audience, a pretty innovation which had to be stopped, as several men broke their necks.

Sufferers from baldness are said to be, usually, brainy men. We see so many of them at the musical comedies that this must be so. Some very eminent persons are proud possessors of hairless domes. The

(Continued on page 52)



Ernest Truex teaches his two sturdy sons how to direct the stroke which sends guileful golf-balls rolling into elusive holes with as much dexterity as attends that invisible aim with which he sends comedy flying to its mark across the foot-lights

Roland Young starting out for a canter, accompanied by his wife

When not rushing through stage doors to escape melodrama detectives, H. B. Warner spends his time with Mrs. Warner admiring their three youngsters, who are as yet innocent of the fact that their father is the best crook actor on Broadway

(Center) William Hodge has a host of followers, but none who trail him more persistently than the gentle cow Genevieve, when the fervent champion of the property hearthstone takes a pastoral vacation on his estate

Judith Anderson does not languish among tiger rugs, Oriental earrings and Japanese incense burners, but whiles away her Summer hours by rowing her great Dane about a lake and feeding her ducks and hens

THE PLAYERS' SUMMER-TIME

Sirens Don Bungalow Aprons, and Heroes Plant Cauliflowers for Rural Relaxation

(Photos by Jessie Tarbox Beals)

The Play That Is Talked About



His grip full of bootleg booze, Johnnie (Ernest Truex) tries to hide it from the notice of his sister's boss

The Fall Guy

Comedy in Three Acts by James Gleason and George Abbott

THE team of Gleason and Abbott, who are responsible for that other Broadway success, "Is Zat So?" have scored again with "The Fall Guy," a play of New York life, similar in genre, but more serious in dramatic content. Their delineation of the slangy human types who haunt the fringe of metropolitan life is humorous, sometimes pathetic, and always veracious. The leading character of Johnnie Quinlan, as portrayed by Ernest Truex, is an admirable example of theatrical portraiture. The following condensation is published by permission of the authors and the producers, the Messrs. Shubert in association with George B. McLellan.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Eltinge Theatre)

Dan Walsh	Ralph Sipperly
Bertha Quinlan	Beatrice Noyes
Lottie Quinlan	Dorothy Peterson
A Collector	Joseph Baird
Charles Newton	Joseph King
Johnnie Quinlan	Ernest Truex
"Nifty" Frank Herman	Hartley Power
Keefe	Joseph R. Garry
Schultz	Alf Weinberger
Mac	Frank McHugh
Mrs. Bercovich	Ann Preston

THE first act takes place in the combination living-room, kitchen and dining-room of the Quinlan flat. Johnnie Quinlan's job in a drug-store is apparently not very remunerative, and he and his wife, Bertha, are continually having trouble making ends meet. Johnnie's sister, Lottie, and his brother-in-law, Dan Walsh, who live with them, help out some, although the latter has become something of a liability. Having lost his job as a truck driver, Danny has taken up the saxophone as a career. The three-dollar monthly installments on Danny's instrument are another severe tax on the Quinlan exchequer.

Lottie, who works in the post-office, has a date that evening with Mr. Newton, her boss. The latter is a man of middle age, composed but keenly observant. After the two have left, Dan turns to Bertha with a scowl of disapproval.

DAN: So that's the guy, eh?

BERTHA: What do you mean? He seems all right. I thought he was quite nice.

DAN: Yeh, well then I'll tell you something, just for that. You know what they say about Lot?

BERTHA: Who?

DAN: Joe Nealey. . . . Says Lot has been goin' the rounds of the worst joints in the district with some guy. . . . And that's why she's workin' overtime so much with this egg—

BERTHA: It couldn't be. . . . At any rate, don't you say nothin' to Johnnie about it.

Johnnie makes his appearance. He is a short, sandy-haired young man of about twenty-five, who appears nervously ill at ease. Bertha comments on the fact that he is wearing his best suit, and when she leaves the room for some cleaning fluid to "take off a spot," Danny approaches his brother-in-law.

DAN: Say, you lost your job, didn't you?

JOHN: Who told you I lost it?

DAN: I met Nifty Herman on Amsterdam Avenue and he asks me if you've landed anything—

JOHN: Well, shut up about it. . . . If you let one peep out of you, I'll smack you for a gool, get me? Don't you tell Bert.

DAN: Aw, who's gonna say anything?

Bertha returns and the question of jobs, in the abstract, and bootlegging, in particular, occupy the discourse. Johnnie is rather more eloquent than usual in his defense of an occasional violation of the Eighteenth Amendment. A law

that everybody wants to break isn't a law, is it? Why not get rich with the other birds?

BERTHA: Johnnie, yours and Lottie's father was a cop and a grand one, too. If it hadn't been for them dirty hop-heads of loft robbers that killed him, he'd maybe 'a' gone way up.

JOHN: I didn't say nothin' about hop-heads. Sure, there ought to be a law against sellin' dope. Didn't I beat up Taylor McGuire fer sellin' the stuff to young Tobin, didn't I? I'd murder a snow peddler as soon as a snake, but this here—

BERTHA: Your father stood for law and order—

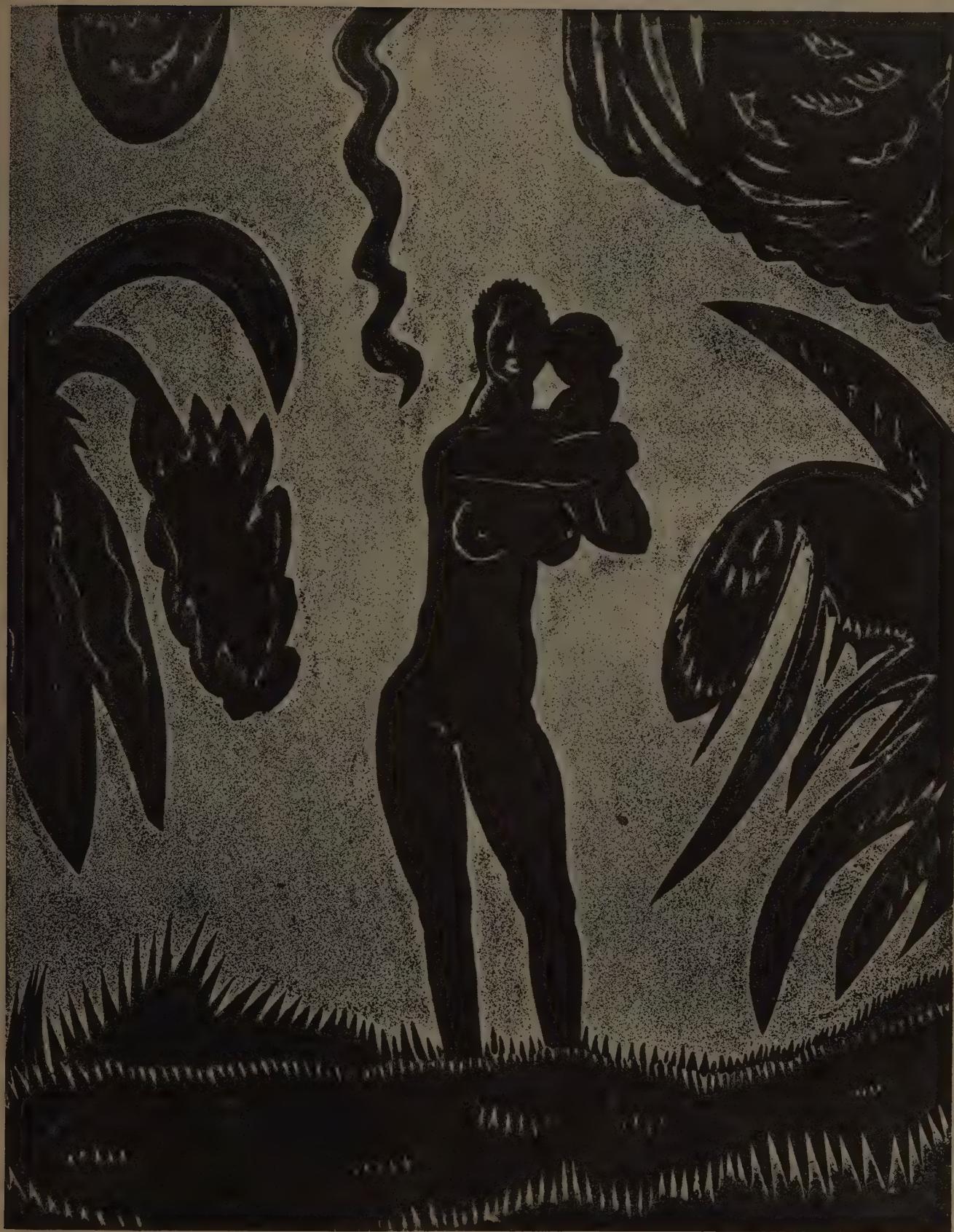
JOHN: Well, that was because it was his business—but there's an awful lot of cops. Well, what they won't do for money.

But Bertha is adamant in her views, and to still the ruffled waters, Johnnie presents his spouse with a new pair of kid gloves he had bought that afternoon. Everything is serene again, until the door-bell rings and "Nifty" Frank Herman makes his entry. In Bertha's eyes "Nifty" is evidently a contaminating influence. After a few words of spirited advice, she and Danny leave the room. "Nifty" is a suave, shifty-eyed youth, dressed in exaggerated style. He addresses Johnnie in a sly, confidential tone of voice.

NIFTY: I was talkin' to Kill-papa about you this morning.

JOHN: Who?

NIFTY: Kill-papa, you know, the Greek I was



DECOR FOR A CONGO BALLET BY NORMAN JACOBSON

Mr. Norman Jacobson, a talented American painter, has been preparing a series of original decors for ballets in his Paris studio. From these we have selected this striking decoration for a Congo Ballet, in which the artist strikes a primitive note in a simple and direct manner. Mr. Jacobson is shortly expected back in this country to supervise the production of one or more of his Ballets

tellin' you about—you know—the one that owns them drug-stores. His regular monicker is Achilles Popudopoulos—but we call him Kill-papa for short.

JOHN: But listen now, Nifty. These here now, stores he runs—what are they? Some kind of joints or somethin'? Does he sell hooch or somethin'?

NIFTY: Say, crack wise, will ya? That ain't no crime. What if he does? Ain't he got all the best people for his customers?

JOHN: They been pullin' some pretty big raids lately.

NIFTY: That's all bluff, Johnnie. That don't affect Kill-papa. Naw, don't worry, kid; it's all fixed. . . . Sure, with the precinct.

JOHN: Well, gee whiz, Nifty, if I should land the job and Bert found out I was peddlin' hooch.

NIFTY: Who's goin' to tell her outside of you? And that goes for everyone, see? Look here, kid. You keep lookin' for the kind of a job that suits the ball and chain, and if you don't find exactly what you're after, look me up, and maybe I can show you how to get into something.

JOHN: You're a real pal, alright, Nifty.

NIFTY: That ain't nothin'. I'll tell you what I'm planning for you, John. I'm goin' to try and fix it with Kill-papa so that you can start in and work with the idea of getting to be the manager of one of his stores. Well, I'm keepin' a very important guy waiting for me, so I better step on it. Be good, Johnnie. See you in the bread line.

Mr. Herman exits and Bertha returns to the room to prepare the supper. The vultures are soon on the stove and she seats herself a moment and picks up the paper Johnnie has brought in.

BERTHA (scanning paper curiously): You usually buy the *Evening Journal*, don't you, Johnnie?

JOHN: Huh?

BERTHA: What you doin' with a *Telegram*? . . . Why have you got them want ads marked?

JOHN: What want ads? I picked up that paper on the L.

BERTHA: John, you quit your job.

JOHN: I did not.

BERTHA: You quit your job.

JOHN: I did not. I was fired.

BERTHA: Oh, my God, what are we going to do now? Oh, Johnnie, why didn't you tell me?

JOHN: Because I knew you'd lay me out. I've had enough trouble lookin' for work the last three days without havin' you after me, too.

For some moments the storm rages. Why was he so careless as to be late to work. She could understand people losing their jobs through hard luck—but just plain carelessness—that was inexcusable. Johnnie listens in abashed silence until he can stand it no longer.

JOHN: Everything will come out pretty good if you just lay off me for a while. I got a few things up my sleeve. I got friends workin' for me. Nifty Herman is lookin' out for me. I ain't goin' to be lackin' for somethin' to do if it comes down to that.

BERTHA: Nifty—Nifty—Johnnie, we don't want no job that comes from Nifty Herman. You'll only get into trouble if you deal with him. He couldn't possibly give you nothing that was on the level.

JOHN: Well, don't be so mouthy. All he's goin' to give me is a knockdown to a Greek guy called Papa . . . Poopa. . . . I can't pronounce it. . . . Kill-papa, they call him—he owns a couple of drug-stores.

BERTHA: If he's a friend of Nifty Herman, then there's something wrong with him. Most likely they're bootleg joints, maybe they sell dope.

JOHN: Sure. Maybe they murder guys. Well, that's a good line of work, too. Maybe I could make enough money at that to keep my ball and chain from givin' me hell every time I step inside the door. (Puts on his coat.)

BERTHA: Where you goin'?

JOHN: I'm goin' out. I got some business matters to attend to.

BERTHA: You ain't had your supper.

week's pay. (Takes roll of bills from pocket.) There you are, Johnnie. And I wish you luck on your new job.

JOHN: What do I have to do?

NIFTY: Well, the first job you gotta do is lookin' after a suitcase that's got somethin' kind of valuable in it. Just takin' care of it for a while. . . . Then, when I give the word, deliver it to a certain address that I'll slip you. . . . And I might as well be perfectly frank with you, Johnnie—that grip is loaded with high-class pre-war Scotch and—

JOHN: Aw, it's alright with me, Nifty. I ain't in no position to be pickin' and choosin'. I prefer the window-dressin' end of the game—but I guess I got to work up, don't I? . . . Where do I get this suitcase?

NIFTY: Listen. You go down the alley to Fineberg's cigar-store at five o'clock sharp, see? Goofie Malone will come through the front way and hand you a suitcase. Take it and say nothin' and keep it here till I give you further orders. . . . I'm gonna tell Kill-papa he can absolutely depend on you.

JOHN: Absolutely. Hey, listen, Nifty. Is this Kill-papa—is he the big smoke of the whole job?

NIFTY: Just for your own information, Johnnie, Kill-papa is number two. There's another fellow that's number one. We got a name for him, but we don't none of us know him to meet, see?

They are interrupted by the entrance of Lottie and Mr. Newton, and, after a few wise cracks, Nifty Herman withdraws. Lottie has invited her boss to stay for supper.

LOTTIE (to John): You're not letting Nifty mix you up in any of his—

JOHN: I didn't say so, did I?

LOTTIE: We just saw one just like him get picked up.

JOHN (interest and alarm): What do you mean?

LOTTIE: Over by the park—a couple of detectives stopped a flivver and arrested a crook. It was one of Nifty Herman's gang, too.

JOHN: Well—well. Now—well—what was he doin'?

LOTTIE: He was carryin' a lot of stuff. What would you think it was, Mr. Newton?

NEWTON: Might have been liquor.

LOTTIE: Didn't you read in the paper about those two young fellows that went up to Port Jervis? . . . They thought they'd make a little easy money selling hooch, and they were arrested. They got sent up for—how many years was it, Mr. Newton?

NEWTON: Three.

JOHN: That ain't right. There ain't no justice in that. Anyhow, what's that got to do with Nifty?

LOTTIE: That's what all his gang are doing. And worse—

JOHN (impatiently): Aw, what to—well, I got to get out of here. (Looks at watch.) All you do is argue. Gee, that's the way with women, Mr. Newton; all they do is argue. . . . I'll be back. I got a date. Tell Bert I'll be back.

Johnnie leaves and Mr. Newton turns rather anxiously to Lottie.

NEWTON: You don't think there's any— He's not mixed up with that Herman bunch?

LOTTIE: Oh, he wouldn't really do anything.

NEWTON: I hope he hasn't got himself implicated in any way—it would put me in a terrible position. Here I am on a personal basis in your home, so to speak, and at the same time investi-

(Continued on page 58)



"THE FALL GUY"

Dan Walsh (*Ralph Sipperly*) hates nothing so much as work, confident he is a born saxophone player

JOHN: I don't want none. Guys that's out of work ain't got no right to eat, anyhow.

* * * * *

THE second act takes place in the Quinlan flat two weeks later. Johnnie is still out of work and the Quinlan funds are running dangerously low. As a last resort—and much against her husband's will—Bertha has gone to the Bercovich's, next door, to see if Mr. Bercovich can find something for Johnnie. Danny is still struggling with his saxophone and apparently does not intend to sacrifice his "art" in the pursuit of hard labor. While Mrs. Quinlan is at the Bercovich's, Nifty Herman comes in and finds Johnnie alone.

NIFTY: I been talkin' some more to Popudopoulos about you and finally he's give in that he's goin' to give you a chance to work up to manager. I told him you could be absolutely relied on, Johnnie.

JOHN: Did you honest, Nifty? Did you land it for me?

NIFTY: That's what I come to tell you about.

JOHN: Say, you don't need to be afraid to recommend me. Already I got some great ideas for dressing the windows in the drug-store—

NIFTY: Never mind that. Before you get to be manager, you got to do some other jobs to prove you can be relied on. . . . You want to go in with me on this, don't you?

JOHN: Well, gee whiz, coitenly I—

NIFTY: All right—I'll advance you half a



THE PARISIAN MUSIC HALL—A L'AMÉRICAINE

M. Rolf De Mare evidently acquired ideas if not dollars during his tour of the States with the Swedish Ballet, for he has turned the handsome Théâtre des Champs Elysées into a modern music hall in the American manner—with Parisian trimmings. A jazz band divides headline honors with the traditional ballet, and as a runner-up to Joe Jackson, the silent Tramp Cyclist, M. Maurice Rostand reads his original poems!—Can you imagine a long-haired poet appearing on the Palace bill, and the razzing he would get if he did not dance or do hand-stands in time to his rhymes? Yet Paris—wild, wicked Paris—listens to real poetry politely and appreciatively

S · C · R · E · E · N · L · A · N · D

Don Q, Son of Zorro. Kivalina of the Ice Lands. How Baxter Butted In

By FRANK VREELAND

ANY survey of the latest developments in the film world would be bound to lead off with a review of Douglas Fairbanks' *Don Q, Son of Zorro*, not only because it is by Fairbanks, but because he has contributed to the screen in his newest work the most volcanically active, blandly humorous picture that has flashed in a long time through the paste world of celluloid. Such a combination of the suave and the dynamic has rarely provided a sight for sore eyes—optics put into that condition by sitting valiantly through mile after mile of plodding pictures. This photoplay of valorous, amorous Spain suggests an Owen Davis thriller done with the finesse of a Belasco, plus the grace of a Fokine and the humor of a Balieff.

The picture does not seek to be grandiosely artistic, like *The Thief of Bagdad*, which purloined, we hear, fewer than usual of the public's millions. Neither has it quite the chivalrous surge of *The Three Musketeers*, emblematic of the spirit of its age, nor the gallant philanthropy of *Robin Hood*, typical of an era when men fought ferociously under the guise of humanitarianism, as exemplified by the naïve Crusades. But the latest picture, nimbly avoiding whatever defects its predecessors had, has a romantic bravado all its own, with Doug flinging himself into the renaissance of melodrama with a saucy, succulent specimen of his own.

FAIRBANKS has fallen in line with the current trend of the screen toward deeds of derring-do, the type in which he first hustled to success on the silver sheet. From the first moment *Don Q* has the steady beat of movement possessed by a wheat thresher. In order to cram it full of action, Doug doubles as himself and his father, the lightninglike Spanish D'Artagnan, who made *The Mark of Zorro* something to file away in the memory. Combined with a reminiscence of that story is *Don Q's Love Story*, the novel by K. and Hesketh Prichard which Fairbanks has altered almost out of recognition, making the hawklike elderly brigand into a dapper young man who exemplifies what the young Spanish bandit shall wear.

The picture bristles with sword-play as young Don Cesar turns outlaw and clears his name from the false stain of having assassinated the Archduke Paul, brother of the Queen, at the same time winning the señorita, who always decorates such Castilian didoes. It is rife with swirling cloaks, quick disguises, pelting rides

and all the sly pranks that Fairbanks can muster when turned loose on a molasses-witted world.

Even more captivating than all his other artful dodges is his versatile and unfailing use of a long bull whip—another of those constantly

swift and yet definite, his pantomime incisive and expressive, his facial changes comic without being stretched to the point of gutta-percha distortion.

As in the case of Chaplin, whom he so closely resembles in his dexterity, without imitating in the slightest degree, it is all a matter of the keen timing of a Babe Ruth. Again like Chaplin, Griffith is distinguished for his peculiar, dry smile, seeming almost forced, which is so effective in embarrassing situations calling for hard swallowing.

Once more he is the dude *farceur*, wearing a top hat as much as possible and even carrying a cane in the ballroom. The picture, adapted from Paul Armstrong's play, *The Heart of a Thief*, is said to have started out as a straight crook melodrama and then Griffith's spontaneous gagging turned it into a one-man circus. It is a breezy yarn of a slick Raffles outwitting the police and a band of rival thieves in the theft of a diamond necklace at a wedding, and almost the best part of it is the introduction, when Griffith shakes down a gang of blackmailers at their own game.

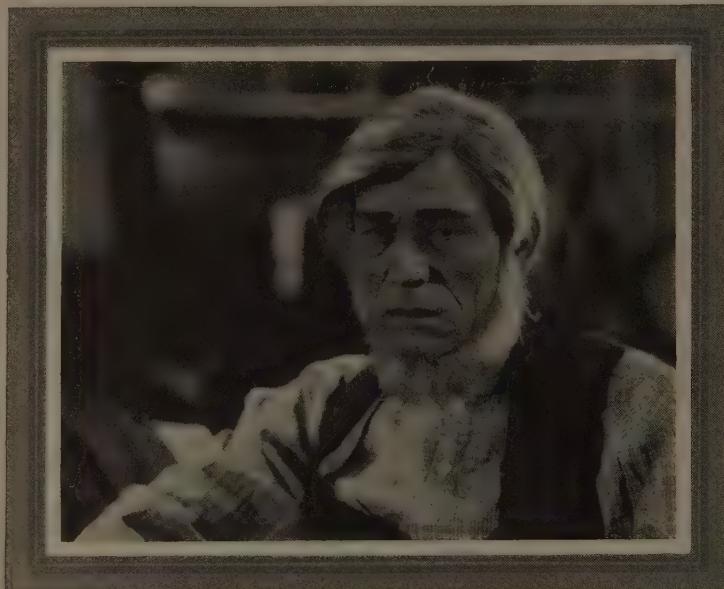
An exciting finish shows Griffith, pursued by droves of motor-cycle cops, streaking it through marvelous scenery in an auto, for the producers seem out to make of Griffith the clown of the careening car.

Betty Compson, whose acting ability seems to depend so much on her director, is back once more in a crook play, obviously because of recollections of *The Miracle Man*, and since Clarence Badger is the director, Miss Compson is worth a good deal of one's undivided attention. Marked by less slap-stick and more of the polite comedy which is Griffith's true *milieu*, this picture provides a clever way to pass part of the Summer.

KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS

MOTION-PICTURE distributors appears to discharge most of their pictures dealing with the Frozen North in Summer, just as forest fires generally rage unchecked on the screen in Winter. *Kivalina of the Ice Lands* may be regarded as a very acceptable part of this cooling process, though its scenic values make it more than an adjunct to the refrigerating system of theatres.

Here is another desperate attempt, similar to that in *Grass* and other glorified sceneries lately projected, to thrust heart-throbs into a film and bring the vibrations of romance into what is essentially a story of Arctic hunting and of fighting the thermometer. An effort is made



Clarence S. Bull

Lon Chaney, the screen's foremost man of misery, as the stricken, harassed father in the film adaptation of Selma Lagerlöf's *Emperor of Portugalia*

PATHS TO PARADISE

IT is an easy step from the eager antics of Fairbanks to the chipper high jinks of Raymond Griffith. In *Paths to Paradise* this deft comedian will easily add to the growing legions of fans who are rallying around him. He is the nearest thing to a salaried sparrow on the screen. His movements are almost incalculably



Edward Thayer Monroe

GILDA GRAY

Arrives in Screenland, via a five-year contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. This dancing star, who has done more for the South Sea Islands than any native diplomat, is now in Europe selecting a wardrobe for her first film which, it is rumored, will show New York night life at its liveliest

to string it together with the love affair of Aguvaluk, the fur-bearing sheik, and Kivalina, the coy if somewhat baboon-faced Eskimo maid. One finds it difficult to think of the average butter-and-egg magnate, for instance, attributing romance to the Eskimos. One fails to see how he could fancy even a blonde Eskimo as his stenographer.

But this is about the only annoyance incidental to watching ice break up and aurora borealis illuminate the great white way of the North Pole. While it lacks the epic quality of *Nanook of the North*, the views are artistic, and the picture shows silver-fox trapping, reindeer skinning, igloo building, impromptu sled-making and other arts and crafts which a city dweller might find advantageous in case he were ever stranded in the Arctic.

HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN

MATT MOORE is making quite a thing out of his specialty of an amiable blunderbuss. Once more he lifts a picture to genuine heights of unforced comedy as he shuffles through *How Baxter Butted In*. Again he is a feckless clerk with dreams, with visions that grip him so poignantly that a one-arm lunchroom becomes readily transformed into a raft at sea, and he kills savage Indians with one hand while writing out advertising forms with the other. He typifies that immemorial urge of the humdrum toward the heroic.

It is always rather difficult to see how such well-meaning blockheads in the end get the inspirations of genius. But perhaps when one is satisfied with a movie one shouldn't inquire into it too closely. Much of the comedy is carried by a litter of fool puppies who swarm through the picture like the charge of the light-headed brigade. The atmosphere of the newspaper advertising office may not be quite authentic, but at any rate the humor is genuine. Moore adds some honest pathos with his worn heels, frayed cuffs and ragged nerves. Dorothy Devore, again simple and enticing, assists Moore, as in *The Narrow Street*, in glorifying the American chump.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

NOT even Moore's skill at fumbling, however, can exalt *Grounds for Divorce*, adapted from one of the Hungarian *tours de force* which last winter burbled over the metropolitan stage. The winning power of the original lay in a combination of Ina Claire's snapping eyes and Ernest Vajda's sparkling dialogue. Lacking either form on the screen, the producers sought to enliven it by jabbing it full of shots of farce.

Moore seldom seems more than stuffy and stodgy as the French lawyer whose passion for seeking grounds for divorce for other women is made the grounds for divorce by his neglected wife. Florence Vidor, playing the wife who is driven to marry another man, and then flies back to her first husband, is not suited to farce. Another case of miscasting is that of Harry Myers, the traveling-salesman type, who, of all things, is here ordered to impersonate a bland, dilettante count, more interested in getting Moscow on the radio than in tuning up

with his new wife. Louise Fazenda skirmishes flamboyantly and amusingly through one door after another as the insistent second fiancée of Moore. But they are all somewhat off key, and aside from some magnificent air-plane inserts, the picture is as full of static as Myers' radio set.

THE MAD WHIRL

THE principal and almost the only importance of *The Mad Whirl* is that it gives film patrons a chance to look at the softly classic and endearing features of May McAvoy. Any



Albin

LOIS WILSON

In *The Vanishing Race* this lovely screen star will play the rôle of a white girl whose love for an Indian gave her the courage to work for the salvation of his people

picture that restores her to view makes it worth while to sit through reels of feverish flapperdom. As the daughter of an ex-barkeeper who is now dispensing soft drinks in the country, Miss McAvoy gives a winsome portrait of sweet, unspoiled girlhood and seems to have the only sense of anyone in the picture. This lovely screen heroine has mastered the great secret of seeming naïve without resembling a baby-blue valentine card and of being pathetic without fluttering beaded eyelashes.

Even that redoubtable old guardsman of the screen, George Fawcett, who is her father, seems as sentimentally mushy as his ice-cream. He has one effective moment when he denounces the dissipated elderly pair who will not allow their son to marry the daughter of a former saloon magnate. Fawcett scores them for averting their heads from his tainted hands, when they are polluting the youth of the neighborhood far more with their jazz parties—and does it in good, round hallelujah terms. But for the rest it is an overcolored picture of the hectic life which gilds the lilies of the field. Jack Mulhall is not too effective as the usual dissolute scion of wealth, while War Crane, as a lounge lizard, does nothing but sit around and doff and don his overcoat—and you can't arrest a man for that.

THE BOOMERANG

ON the stage this delightful comedy by Victor Mapes and Winchell Smith was a polished bit of Belasco penning. On the screen it has been covered over with the florid wallpaper of hokum. The doctor who, in the foot-light version, sought to cure one case of lovesickness becomes in the prodigal way of the screen the proprietor of a whole sanitarium full of the amorously abject. Movie producers always are firm believers in the strength of mere numbers. Give them the adoration of the Magi, and they'll turn it into a mob scene. In that respect, however, they are not unlike some of the old masters.

Overelaboration causes the picture to lag at times, though it has some funny snatches, particularly whenever Ned Sparks gets busy in his dry, reedlike manner. Bert Lytell is fairly capable, lurking behind a new moustache as the doctor, and Anita Stewart makes it seem quite plausible that he should have an attack of lovesickness himself because of this nurse. But what the picture cries aloud for is an Adolphe Menjou.

SIEGE

A VERY passable counterfeit presentation of Samuel Hopkins Adams' book has been made in *Siege*, once more preserving in celluloid that conflict between the old and the new that will probably never die as long as there's a movie left in the land. While the subject has been used before to the point of triteness, Svend Cade, the Scandinavian director, refreshes it up by his treatment until it comes with the force of a new revelation. He has made a very close study of the four pivotal characters in the book, and while Eugene O'Brien and Virginia Valli do satisfactorily as the nominal stars, it is really Mary Allen, as the granite Aunt, and Marc McDermott, as the shy Norval, who provide the greatest impetus to the picture.

NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK

THOSE New Yorkers whose night life consists of meddling with the radio or taking the puppy for an airing and those inhabitants of the vast outlying districts to whom New York is the gilded abode of chorus girls, cabarets and other naughty inventions of a sinful age will be drawn to this picture by the promise of its title. But like all believers on movie-captions and Santa Claus, they will find that it isn't true. There will be no undraped dryads charlestoning about a floor littered with the fifty-dollar bills of inebriated millionaires. As a matter of fact the most daring scene in this unventuresome picture is a flash of a dapper young lizard kissing the cream-puff digits of a portly lady in exchange for a month's board and a thousand or two.

Others will go to view the picture, enticed there by the names of Dorothy Gish and Rod La Rocque. They will not be disappointed, for the little that Miss Gish has to render she does with the well-known Gish sweetness, of which much may be said either way. Rod La Rocque as the Iowan Lochinvar is very adorable and very natural—two facts of which he is thoroughly aware.



IN ACTION

Scenes from *The Big Parade*, Laurence Stallings' screen variation of the *What Price Glory* theme, soon to be released by Metro-Goldwyn. These scenes illustrate how a shiftless young Southerner (John Gilbert) comports himself under fire—whether it comes from the eyes of a pretty peasant girl (Renée Adorée) or from the mouth of a "Big Bertha"

R . A . D . I . O .

The Art of Broadcasting. Interviewing Roxy and His Gang

By CHARLOTTE GEER

WHILE an actor in his time plays many parts, a broadcaster plays but one—himself! A wig, a false beard or a putty nose avail him nothing. Radio, like many a portrait painter, has an uncanny way of showing up the true man. The artist or announcer who can make you like him over a microphone is liable to possess certain admirable traits. He is pretty apt to be natural and sincere without egotism, blessed with a sense of humor and imagination. Among all the people who are having a try at broadcasting just now there are bound to be many misfits. But the standbys, the old-timers, the household names of a B. C. L.'s vocabulary haven't won their popularity by a fluke.

In reviewing Radio's outstanding figures you naturally begin with Rothafel, who has attained such tremendous prominence through his Sunday evening broadcasts that one forgets he is primarily the manager of the Capitol Theatre and will shortly have his own motion-picture palace on Broadway. We like Roxy at work. The studio at the Capitol is immense and is generally half filled with people famous in various walks of life who have come to see the Gang in person. Upon these celebrities Roxy literally turns his back. Over in the extreme corner he has set up his microphone, and when he talks to his Radio friends he stands facing the wall and quite away from the spectators. Moreover, he talks in such low tones that he is hardly audible in the room.

"HOW do you explain the almost uncanny influence you have on the air?" we asked him, thinking of his triumphant entries into our smaller cities, where he and his Gang are met by the brass band and the mayor and the fire department *en rampant*, remembering that dinner of the Merchants' Association last Winter, when fifteen hundred New York business men rose to their feet at the sound of Roxy's "Hello, everybody."

He didn't answer at once, but sat with eyes fixed on the ugly metal microphone as if searching there for the answer to our question. "I don't know," he said at last; "I honestly don't know. There is something about this Radio work that is beyond my understanding. The letters I get, the way people feel about the simple work I am trying to do amazes me. It gets me, that's all, but as to explaining it—I can't do it. I only know that I try to be honest and human, not to put on any side, but just to be myself."

Again the best-liked members of Roxy's

Gang have this same quality of ingenuousness, this same surprised delight at the way their work on the air registers. Take Gambarelli, for example, *premiere danseuse* of the Capitol ballet, but better known as Gamby of the Gang, whose Italian patter songs in her queer, toneless little voice have won her friends by the hundred thousands. We talked with the dancer in her dressing-room. "I love it

studio I reach more people than I could at a dozen concerts in a little concert hall? Do you know what I think of when I stand up there before that silly-looking Mike? I think about those men and women in the little ranch houses of Canada listening to my music and enjoying it as these surfeited city dwellers never could. What I'm waiting for now is the day of superpower. Then I can play over a New York microphone to my old father in Australia. Doesn't that beat any concert stage? Rather!"

Still another type of broadcaster is Niles Granlund, the "N. T. G." of WHN, known on the air as "The Voice of the Great White Way." Mr. Granlund, for all his friendly patter over the microphone, is more or less of a mystery to Radio listeners, as he has seldom been interviewed and objects to having his picture taken. As manager of the station, he is responsible for its jazzy, vaudeville type of program into which he injects a personality as whimsically humorous as there is in all Radio. Born in Lapland, a sailor for ten years, a prize-fighter, reporter, aviator, song writer and producer, he is a composite of a score of types, and the result is a tall man, with capable, expressive hands, the flexible voice of an actor and the quizzical seriousness of a true comedian. "Do you think Radio is meant to educate?" we asked him. "What in heaven's name for?" he inquired. "Radio is intended solely for entertainment, to make life a little bit jollier for some of us, that's all."



Thos. Knight
Godfrey Ludlow, of WJZ, most talented Radio violinist, with his famous Stradivarius

all," she said, "and I have the best time in the world laughing at my singing. But I am improving. You know, Douglas is really teaching me to sing."

Douglas, leading baritone of the Gang, was a member of the Chicago Grand Opera Company last season. His voice is of a rare quality, but we don't know, if a vote were polled, which would prove to be more enjoyed by the B. C. L., Doug's singing or Doug's laugh! For Douglas is young and good to look at and talented and in love with life and Gambarelli, and who wouldn't laugh easily and deeply when life is so good.

Of quite a different type, but no less attractive, is Godfrey Ludlow of WJZ, the most talented violinist that has yet adopted Radio for his chosen medium. Nor has he done so because other fields have been difficult. Born in Australia and taught by the great Auer, Mr. Ludlow has played in the musical centers of the Continent. Many New York musicians have bought radios solely because of the value or Mr. Ludlow's semi-weekly recitals. We listened from the studio to Ludlow's exquisite rendering of *Dragonfly*, and after we had recovered our equanimity and come back to the world of every day, we asked him why he hid his light behind a microphone.

"My dear lady," he said, "you should be the last to ask that question. Don't you know that in one recital from this

ANOTHER personality that hides behind Mike and still exerts a tremendous influence on our programs is Dailey Paskman, manager of WGBS. Mr. Paskman is an associate of Morris Gest. He is a song writer, with several successes to his credit, and has been an actor and producer. He brings to Radio the theatrical point of view, and to him we look for the development of Radio drama. It was he who put *The Miracle* on the air after everyone said it couldn't be done, and turned it into one of the most artistic broadcasts ever heard.

Some day plays will be written for Radio just as they now are for the stage. Real Radio drama will be one of the most entertaining and important features that could be broadcast. The WGY brand has left us indifferent, but the little sketches already attempted by WGBS have given us a foretaste of what we may expect from Dailey Paskman's earnest and intelligent idealism.



Photo Goldberg

ELLIOT NUGENT AND NORMA LEE

Member of the Very Active Nugent Family, Co-Author and Star of "The Poor Nut," That Successful and Humorous Play of College Life, With His Wife Who Plays Opposite Him in the Rôle of the Sympathetic Girl



Rosamund Whiteside, in her jaunty special six Studebaker roadster, starts out for the theatre, where she is starring in *Engaged*

ALL THE STAGE

A-WHEEL



Hope Hampton finds motoring along country roads in her luxurious Packard town car as smooth as driving down Fifth Avenue



A movie director must travel quickly, and Fred Nibley relies on his Marmon sedan to get him from one "location" to another



After a strenuous day on the "lot," keeping up his reputation for villainy, Lew Cody finds it very restful to drive home in his easy-riding Lincoln



Rin-Tin-Tin has often given proof of his good judgment, and his preference for a Dodge car is another evidence of his human intelligence

Aside from its great practical value, this beautifully appointed Locomobile best harmonizes with the luxurious personality of Aileen Pringle



T H E A M A T E U R S T A G E

Edited by
M. E. KEHOE



The detail of the balcony (right) emphasizes the value of working in the round on the stage. The carved corbels under the balcony were modeled by one of the boys of Mechanic Arts High School, with whiting and glue on a wire screen basis. The wrought iron bracket for the lantern is a section of the stair-rail from their setting for *Dulcy*. The lantern was fashioned of bristol-board, painted with a heavy black glue size. The glass is the usual tracing paper, oiled and lamp-dye colored, but backed with muslin, to give it added opalescence



SETTING FOR THE
FIRST ACT OF
"ROBIN HOOD,"
PRODUCED UNDER
THE DIRECTION OF
RALPH E. SMALLEY,
AT MECHANIC ARTS
HIGH SCHOOL,
ST. PAUL



Scene from *The Rivals* (Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings), produced by the Civic Drama Association of Akron, Ohio

Mrs. Malaprop in Akron

By WILLIAM T. PERRY

MOST amateurs are periodically seized with a desire to perform Sheridan. Perhaps because most of his rôles are actor-proof and because his plays are always successful on the stage, no matter how poorly done. The large number of sets and the necessity for quick changes is one reason why he is not performed oftener. It may be interesting to note, therefore, how we surmounted this difficulty in our performance of *The Rivals* at the Playhouse in Akron. Three minutes was the longest time it took us to change any set. The sets were designed and made by Oliver Whelan, Wilbur Peat and myself.

TO begin with there are seven different scenes in the William Warren acting version which we used. The first scene on the street and the scenes on the North Parade were easily disposed of, as the action in them is introductory and not very important. For these scenes, therefore, we added an inner proscenium to our stage, and in it hung dark-blue muslin draw-curtains. These hung in soft, thick folds which, with the proper lighting, gave a simple and beautiful effect.

Now that left four interiors and one exterior. The four interiors were reduced to three by setting Julia's scenes in Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings. This sounds a bit awkward, but in no way did it mar the effect of the play.

As our theatre was formerly a cinema "palace," our stage has no fly gallery and very little space to the sides of the proscenium arch. The easiest way to overcome the difficulties thus engendered was to have a permanent set, which we did. We reconciled half of our confrères to this by saying that it was the only possible way of setting *The Rivals* on our stage and the other half by speaking glibly of Craig's, Appia's,

Rheinhardt's, Urban's, Simonson's and Jones' use of permanent sets.

THE first thing we did was to erect straight, unbroken flats along the sides of our stage. At the end of these, up-stage, we placed two arches—one on each side—at forty-five degree angles. Then at the back we set up two flats that could be moved around during the performance and which were placed in different positions to gain the effect of a complete change of set. We painted these flats and arches a light warm gray.

No Little Theatre is really a Little Theatre unless it has either a cyclorama or a plaster dome. Up to this performance our theatre had had neither. A dirty, tattered backdrop had substituted. Our supreme piece of strategy was to persuade the business manager to buy a real cyclorama. We bought two bolts of light-blue cotton flannel. This cost us twenty dollars. We had it sewed for five dollars. A cyclorama for twenty-five dollars! Heavy muslin, dyed with batik, would have been better, but we had no time to dye the cyclorama ourselves and it is impossible to buy any kind of dye in Akron. Our cyclorama



The Akron setting for King's Mead Field, from *The Rivals*

made a fine background for our halls and a marvelous sky for King's Mead Fields.

FOR Mrs. Malaprop's room we made three panels of Chinese wall-paper, the predominating color of which was yellow. The arches were left open and the hallways were unlit. Against the panels we placed an antique ebony cabinet with a large blue-green vase on it. On each side of the cabinet was a Chippendale chair. This made an effective group. We found a Victorian sofa decorated with much of the fancy woodwork so dear to the soul of Victoria. With this removed, the sofa had fine lines and it fitted in well with the furniture of the times. Two chairs and a table, along with some candlesticks, completed Mrs. Malaprop's room.

THE distinguishing feature of Captain Jack Absolute's room was a large life-sized copy of a Reynolds Admiral. Under this was a leaf-table with a group of two candlesticks and a blue bowl on it. The set remained the same, but the hallways were lighted. Two chairs and a table were the only other pieces.

We converted one of the arches in *Bob Acres* into a latticed window. The one hallway remained dark, but the cyclorama outside the window was flooded a deep blue. Against the rear wall we placed the sofa, which we draped with a Turkish rug. Above the sofa hung a small old

print and on either side of the sofa was an Italian *torchere*. A writing-table and a chair and a dressing-stand and a chair were the other pieces of furniture.

The last scene, King's Mead Fields, always received a hearty round of applause. It was the easiest to make and the simplest but very effective.

AT first we intended to set the stage with curtains hung in folds to simulate tree trunks, as the beautiful forest scenes in *The Emperor Jones* and *Bewitched*, but we gave up this idea, as our other sets were formal and conventional, while this would have been realistic. (That sounds like an epigram, but I am sure that anyone who has

seen Simonson's forest scenes will agree that they are much more realistic than the old manner of painting trees on a backdrop.)

FOR the change to King's Mead Fields, which was accomplished in three or four minutes, the movable flats at the back were shoved around back of the arches, thus converting the arches into niches. The opening made in this way revealed the trees, which had been in place all the time. These trees were of cardboard in interesting shapes. The lighting, which was behind them, threw them out finely in silhouette and produced a luminous sky effect on the cyclorama. It was a beautiful and chaste set and one which the audience appreciates.

Our sets, all told, cost us no more than fifteen dollars. The cyclorama is not counted, as it is a permanent fixture. Our walls were old flats repainted; our arches we made ourselves; our furniture was borrowed. We could have had more furniture, but had no place for it off-stage. We did not try to disguise it in the various scenes as professionals often do without success.

On the whole our sets compare favorably with any—amateur or professional. At least our picture was real and not painted on the wall as—but shush! one must not be sacrilegious of the Goddess of American drama.



(Upper) Captain Absolute's room. (Lower) Bob Acres' lodgings in *The Rivals*. The same permanent set was used effectively for both scenes, with slight changes and rearrangement of furniture

COLLEGE STAGECRAFT

THE series of constructive and informative articles devoted to the drama in our high schools, which were published in this department last year, developed widespread interest beyond our most sanguine expectations and brought to us many gratifying letters of commendation and praise.

As a result of these articles, close to five hundred teachers of dramatics in high schools scattered the country over subscribed to THEATRE MAGAZINE, many of

them writing us that they would not want to miss one of the series because they considered them invaluable in their work.

So many requests have since come to us asking for a similar series in connection with our colleges, we are happy to announce that we have in preparation a group of articles dealing with stagecraft in the more important colleges and universities.

These articles, which are scheduled to begin in an early issue, will take our read-

ers, step by step, through every phase of college stagecraft. The working methods of the highly organized groups of student players will be outlined in detail—there will be scenes from their plays, views of their campus theatres and play lists. Students who are planning to make the stage and the drama their vocation and dramatic directors in institutions of learning where stagecraft has but recently been added to the curriculum will find this series of articles invaluable.



Margaret Irving, appearing in *Mercenary Mary*, presents a very new evening gown of pale coral velvet, embroidered in crystals and scalloped about the hem. Two long chiffon panels swing from the shoulders.

This is an import

FASHIONS

AS INTRODUCED
BY THE WOMEN
OF THE STAGE

Photographs by Pach



A distinguished ensemble costume of black duvetyn and metal brocade in shades of silver and geranium. The slim coat flares at the bottom and is trimmed in black fox. Original design

Original designs
and imports by
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An exquisite evening cape of sapphire blue velvet, trimmed in gray fox. The youthful circular flare provides the correct silhouette approved by Paris. An original design

ALICE BRADY AND
HER LATEST PARIS
COSTUMES



A charming dinner dress is this silver lace over a flesh-colored slip. The sparkling topaz ornament at the front gives it just the needed touch of color



A heavy, bright red crêpe dress over a gold cloth slip is cut like a man's tuxedo. The slip is cut very high to give the vest effect in the front. An Oriental design gold cloth coat, trimmed with sable collar, makes this a stunning dinner and theatre costume



A heavily interlined evening wrap of Babani peach-colored velvet, embroidered in silver threads

*Photographs
by Pach*



A brilliant red crêpe dress, embroidered in gold over a gold cloth slip. A separate scarf of gold cloth is thrown about the throat and worn to please Miss Brady's mood



This delightful lounging robe of silver cloth, combined with terra cotta and blue silk, is lined throughout with light blue silk. A closely draped silver head band is held tight by a diamond and sapphire pin



Blue and silver embroidery on the panels and dress give it the needed weight to show Miss Brady's graceful figure and still adhere to the latest mode of the straight lines



Shoes from
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Photographs by Pach



A type of sandal pump that is entirely new! Patent leather, with unusual trimmings of crocodile on vamp and quarters of shoe

Altogether different is this patent oxford, with a smart cut-out design over the instep—a walking shoe of distinction

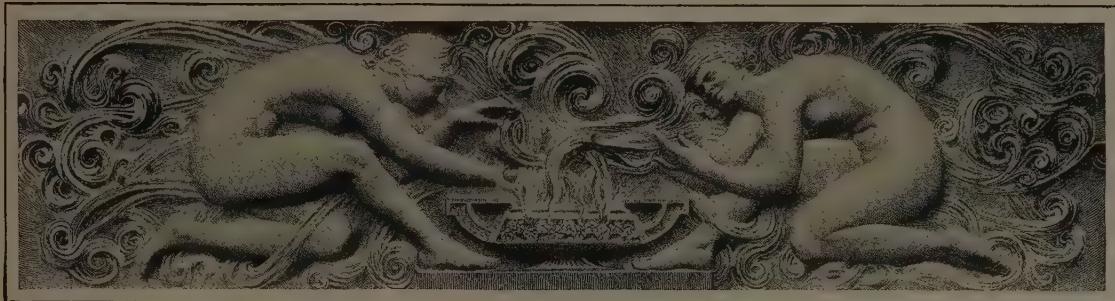


A full view of the patent-leather sandal pump, with inset design of gold on the slightly round-toed vamp

Eleanor Griffith, featured in *Mercenary Mary*, introduces the smart shoe for early Fall



Blonde kid embroiders the quarters of this patent-leather street pump, in diamond-shaped insets. They match the strip of kid on the vamp



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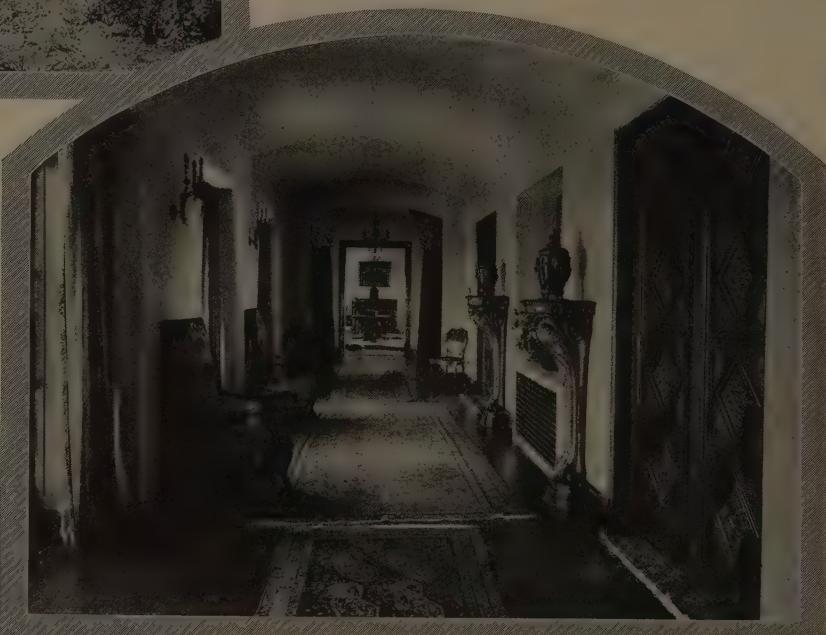


Photos Art Streib

The foyer entering upon the library is furnished with exquisite needle-point and Chinese porcelains of the period of Louis XIII. The detailed carving of the panels on the great living-room doors was copied from a seventeenth-century château in Paris

THE HOME OF A SCREEN STAR IN HOLLYWOOD. ANTONIO MORENO'S BEAUTIFUL MANSION IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE FILM COLONY

The quaint entrance into Mr. Moreno's den suggests the picturesque haciendas of the days of Spanish grandees



The Spanish dining-room is very imposing with its massive carved refectory table and tooled leather chairs. The crimson cub velvet hangings of vivid floral design show off this old room to its greatest beauty



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PACKARD

THE ITALIAN FUTURISTS

(Continued from page 22)

tions of the Futurist movement in the Italy of to-day is the Experimental Theatre at 6 and 7 Via degli Avignonesi, in Rome. In the cellar of the Palazzo Titoni, the modern home of Mussolini, there were still to be seen a few years back the ruins of the Baths of Septimus Severus. It was this highly connotative, if dilapidated, interior which the Futurists took for their Teatro Sperimentale and the Casa d' Arte, run by Anton Bragaglia in connection with the theatre. The transformation is at once magical and ironic. In place of the crumbling masonry and débris which remained as relics of the ante-Christian era, we now find symmetrical columns and arches, twisted iron scrolls, fantastic lamps, non-representative paintings and cubistic furniture. The theatre, the gallery and the adjoining restaurant present an unusual arrangement of unexpected angles and curious curves, an interior as far removed as possible from any suggestion of the past.

CRUSADER FOR FUTURISM

THE Teatro Sperimentale goes on tour, of course, and frequently meets with the stormy receptions for which Italian audiences are famous. In Naples, for example, at the Teatro Bellini, in the presence of immovable and inscrutable Italian police, the crowd threw real fruit at the stage and indulged in heavy repartee with actors. Marinetti, the champion at once of the abstract, the subconscious, the cerebral and the spontaneous, the crusader who is willing to go to any length in his reaction from a false actualism, looks like a solid little politician enjoying a comfortable berth with the government. Short and very bald, he stands on the stage, ducking potatoes and apples with great aplomb and shaking his fist at the mob while he shouts to them that it would take a microscope to see their souls.

Many of the plays in the Teatro Sperimentale repertoire are very short. One number of their program is a ballet which bears the high-sounding title of *L'Amore di due Locomotive per il Capostazione*. This being done into mere English becomes nothing more than *The Love of Two Locomotives for the Station-Master*. The action occupies about ten minutes. Two locomotives, with round boilers for bodies and arms encased in sheet-metal tubes, bearing smokestacks, gauges and other appurtenances, puff heavily in from opposite sides of the stage. The station-master starts to shift them according to system, and immediately the plot thickens. For both engines are enamored of the station-master, and insist upon making love to him in the gigantic, overbearing and ponderous fashion commensurate with their size, shape and weight. Finally he succeeds in sep-

arating the bitter rivals and gently switches each one in its own direction. The locomotives disappear, the puffing dies down and the ballet is over.

The contacts made by the Futurists with the theatres of other countries have been numerous enough to make the Italian group an important factor in the advancement of the contemporary European stage. Shortly after their beginnings at Milan, they found an ally in the Frenchman, Fernand Divoire, and became associated with the Paris Art et Action group, which in its tiny experimental theatre in Montmartre has been responsible for a certain amount of stage innovation. Soon the Futurists had several companies of their own playing in France. The Russian, Pitoeff, who for several years past has been established in Paris, and is probably the most important innovator of the contemporary French stage, formerly produced plays for the Futurists in Geneva and Zurich. Among them were *Folgore's Shadow and Puppets*. The Futurist repertoire has penetrated several cities of Poland; and Marinetti's *Fire Drum* was done under Kieffmann at the National Theatre of Warsaw. In Prague the same play of Marinetti's was given; and, in addition, another of his, called *Prisoners*, which presents eight women bound together by unbreakable social ties, along with *The Love Dial of Folgore*. Dadone was responsible for a number of these productions and Prampolini for most of the settings.

THE ULTRAS IN ROME

AT present the Futurists are involved in multiple activities in Rome. There is a plan under consideration for establishing a Teatro Metastasio under the direction of Marinetti and Prampolini, with the aid of Picasso and Maria Carmi. This year's schedule includes a Spanish tour through Madrid, Seville and Barcelona and also an expedition to the Italian centers of South America: La Plata, San Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. This tour is intended as a general manifestation of Futurist art, including, beside the plays and ballets, lectures and expositions and performances of the music of Cassavola and Mix, with special featuring of the new music of Russolo, called "intonarumori." The last-named, a painter and sculptor, one of the five greatest pre-war Futurists, has during the last few years turned entirely to music, inventing new musical sounds with such formidable names as "gorgogliatori" and "rombatori." Debussy devoted to these inventions one of the last articles he wrote.

There is to-day every indication that the second decade of the Futurist movement in Italy is to be as lively as the first.

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HE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED

(Continued from page 10)

a forced manner. This is the way of life.

"After all, my resentment of new forms is simply because they are accomplished artificially, instead of being developed naturally. I am rabid where impressionism is concerned. I am more interested in people than in anything else in the world. I would much rather have written one novel of Conrad's than the entire works of Kant. People are more interesting than philosophical ideas. When a playwright or producer, even as notable as Strindberg and Bobbie Jones, put actors on a stage and tell them to be ideas instead of people, I am annoyed, because I feel that they are more interesting as people. Ideas must come out of people in the final analysis.

"I think *The Show-Off* is a deeply and profoundly poetic play. Yet the author of it did not strive for form. The idea of that \$32-a-week Shelley making the world conform to him is colossal. The show-off is a poet making the universe what he wants it to be, standing alone and fighting down all those opposed to him and getting his idea over after many failures.

"I am a great fan for acting. I think what has kept Shakespeare's plays alive has been the superb opportunities which they have afforded to great actors. The plays with the great parts are those which have survived, not those with just beautiful poetry.

Describing the genesis of *They Knew What They Wanted*, Mr. Howard said it started out as a short story. While in California he had had much opportunity to study the foreigners who raised grapes for wine. He conceived the idea of writing a story about one of these Italians who had made a fortune in the business. He thought it would be a good idea to have Tony establish a dynasty, after the fashion of the Vanderbilts and Astors and Goulds. But it wouldn't stay a short story. It developed a plot, and soon Sidney Howard thought Tony, the Italian, the central character of his play, would be more effective speaking than as a silent story character. His vivid Italian speech would sound well, he thought. Then a girl crept into the colorful California atmosphere, and soon there was drama.

"HAS THIS BEEN EXPLAINED TO YOU?"

(Continued from page 24)

late President Harding's Cabinet you may recall, contained a preponderance of bald-headed men. Records show that an unusually large number of musical shows played Washington during that period.

So many victims have been added to the list during the past season that the Bachelors' Club of New York has passed a resolution demanding that theatrical managers either elevate the front tier of seats, or supply hair tonic or periscopes with each and every ticket. Professor Leipzig says if they would "elevate" the occupants of the seats they would be getting at the real seat of the evil, so to speak.

We girls feel, however, that the country can never go to the dogs as long as there are so many fine American men willing to sacrifice their hair for the sake of Art.

WHY DO THE PUBLIC PATRONIZE DIRTY SHOWS?
ANSWERED BY PROF. LEWIS B. ALYSTON.

I SHALL be perfectly frank in my opinions. People's interest in the art of the theatre results from three different organic inclinations. First, they need the incitement which the variety offers them, the transporting of themselves to wholly different scenes from those with which they are familiar. Second, they take pleasure in recognizing the originals in the imitations of familiar realities. Third, they like to represent to themselves the feelings of their fellow creatures

and share in them in their stage adventures.

Persons who patronize so-called dirty shows do so by reason of one or more of these organic impulses. They get a thrill out of seeing something they have heard whispers about, but with which they are not familiar. Or they go because their tastes are in common with those of the pornographic displays they witness. In other words, they take pleasure in recognizing the originals. Or they go because they are naturally erotic themselves and delight in such debased displays of feelings and emotions.

The recent surplus of these dirty shows leads us to suppose that there are more people in the last two categories than in the first. There is, of course, a healthy minority who do not patronize such displays of unveiled eroticism. The number of such representations further leads us to the conclusion that society is suffering a temporary moral relapse, for the artist, whether his medium be drama, literature, music or painting, reflects his environment. His method of expression is usually that with which contemporary culture furnishes him.

The theatre is fortunate in having a body of worthy men and women to condemn works trading on unchastity. No task of civilization has been so painfully laborious as the subjugation of lasciviousness. The pornographist—whether in the theatre or out—would take from us the fruit of this, the hardest struggle of humanity. He should be shown no mercy.

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WHAT IT COSTS TO PUT ON A SHOW

(Continued from page 9)

because of the great strides in the development of electrical apparatus during this period. It is true that the electric lamp which formerly cost 6 cents now sells for 35 cents, but it is a much improved product. The theatre has utilized every innovation in this line, and the creation of stage lighting effects has become a highly specialized art, supervised by high-priced specialists. All this has helped to more than triple the costs.

The other obligations my friend had to face included theatre rental, advertising, under which we will include publicity, actors' salaries and, for the sake of being thorough, let us say he had to provide for a small quota of musicians. The differences here are about as follows: Twenty-five years ago the theatre owner was satisfied with a rental guarantee of \$1,500, while to-day he has to ask \$4,500. As for advertising: in the old days there were fewer mediums of publicity and a violent competition had not given birth to the present billboard and electric-sign displays, to say nothing of the carefully organized "press" departments.

Posters for display purposes, which formerly cost 2 cents a sheet, are today 8 cents. Newspaper advertising, then 12½ cents a line, is now 75 cents to \$1.50. One of those scintillating electric signs you see in front of theatres—and there are over 500 of them in the Broadway district—requires an annual expenditure of \$104,000.

The press-agent is a necessary equation in modern theatrical production, and his services cost anywhere from \$150 to \$300 a week. Although my friend failed to take this item into consideration, he probably had to come to it before he got through, for while a good press-agent cannot "put over" a bad show, a good show can be badly hurt by lack of a good press-agent. That may sound rather cryptic, but it is true.

Musicians' salaries have increased

from \$25 to \$75 a week. A good conductor who used to get \$75 to \$100 per week now expects \$150 to \$300. Beside which, scoring and orchestration are all extra elements of the musical expense.

All these many factors, of which I have spoken in a necessarily brief fashion, got into the cost of modern theatrical production. They make necessary the weekly grosses of \$30,000 and \$40,000 which must be taken in to keep a show running at a fair profit. Twenty-five years ago a weekly gross of \$5,000 or \$6,000 was considered particularly good. They account for the difference of 300 per cent, and over in comparative costs, which would make a play like Augustus Thomas' *As a Man Thinks*, originally costing \$5,000, amount to \$30,000 to produce to-day. Extravagant musical shows of a quarter century ago, such as *Havana* or *The Chinese Honeymoon*, which represented an outlay of around \$15,000, would now take nearer to \$80,000 to float on the sea of theatrical chance. Some of our present-day extravaganzas go easily to the quarter-million mark.

And all this, you must remember, is initial expense. This is all money expended before you are sure whether or not the public is going to like your play and begin returning to you—through the box-office—the hard-earned cash you have put in it. I know of no other business wherein production expenditures are so enormous with, at the same time, the law of supply and demand so unstable. And I suppose this will always be the case, as long as theatrical entertainment is a commodity which depends for its existence entirely upon the fickleness of public taste. It is only because the men of the theatre have so carefully studied and analyzed that taste that they are able to wager their thousands against the exceptionally high cost of production and still do a profitable business.

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE CHORUS MEN

(Continued from page 18)

is. By the fellow members of his profession he isn't even considered an individual entity. No one ever refers to Gerald, or Hubert, or Wilfred, or Horace separately. It's always "the chorus men." The clan. The group. The strange, anomalous, un-understood clique.

What passes through the mind of the chorus man himself is never known. Does he realize the pathos of his position? Does he ever yearn for advancement in his profession? What was his start in life? Did he actually select for himself the lifelong career of a dancer in a chorus? Or did circumstances thrust him into the work? Does he ever dream of more manly occupations? Or is he actually satis-

fied and pleased with his lot? What happens to him when the grey hairs begin to powder the brilliant raven's wing hair? And when the slender waist-line begins to bulge? How is he equipped to plunge into another profession, he whose nights have known only the light and airy caper of dancing feet?

Watch him the next time you go to one of the new musical shows.

The cadence of their united voices rises and falls. The song over, they dance off the stage airily, gaily. Who cares what happens when they dance off the stage forever? No one. For the chorus men are anomalies. No one understands them. No one cares to. They are only the boys of the chorus.



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(Right)
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STAGE INDECENCY—THEN AND NOW

(Continued from page 16)

"vicious," while one of the principal morning papers denounced it editorially as totally unfit for the stage and in its subsequent issues kept up such an avalanche of abuse that it was really responsible for the sensation that accompanied the further run of the piece.

The one paper that continually denounced the play sent a reporter to the theatre every evening in an endeavor to secure the names of men and women in attendance and procure for publication their opinion of *Sappho* as a demoralizing influence in the theatre. The editor of this publication in a consultation with his staff determined upon a course having for its ultimate purpose the closing of the building housing the production of a play "so vile, pernicious and sinister as to demand its immediate prohibition." After some four weeks of this constant charge and through the influence exerted the Police Commissioners gave instructions for the closing of the theatre.

While this attempt to stop the production was being formulated the desire of some to witness the play without themselves being seen bordered on the ridiculous. Night after night I recognized many of the city's well-known men, and women too, among the standees, endeavoring to hide their faces with the aid of their coat collars

or muffs. A leading financier of the town requested that he might be allowed admittance to the theatre through the stage door, not wishing to be seen in the audience, while another sought the privilege of entering the building before the doors opened, that he might occupy the box he had purchased and requested that the box curtains be drawn.

After a jury trial the case was dismissed and production of the play resumed for some four weeks to the capacity of the house, but without that excitement attending the original performances. An amusing incident connected with the engagement of *Sappho* was the fruitless but determined effort of a would-be buyer of seats. On one of his calls at the office he informed the ticket-seller that his wife made his life unbearable for his failure to secure the tickets. The day after the police closed the theatre he asked the ticket-seller if they would keep two seats for him if the play was again performed. When performances were resumed the once persistent seeker for admission appeared at the ticket window and with profuse apologies cancelled his order, giving as a reason that if the police were going to permit its performance the play could not be so bad and consequently his wife did not want to see it.



LYRIC DAUGHTER OF THE SOBER RUSSIANS

(Continued from page 12)

ents it has kept its entire repertory keen-edged and fresh. By them, too, that rare sense of illusion—the impression that the players on the stage are in no way conscious of the presence of an audience—has been achieved just as perfectly as by the Art Theatre itself. The achievement of that sense of illusion is even more startling in the case of the Musical Studio than it was with the dramatic company, for our Western lyric stage has always conceded to the singer the dubious and dowdy privilege of flirting with the spectator and periodically shattering all sense of illusion.

Although the preservation of illusion on the lyric stage is really one of the similarities of the Musical Studio to its parent, it will probably strike us as being one of this company's greatest novelties. Beyond that, though, there are several genuine points of contrast, all of them calculated to win new friends while the similarities win and hold fast the vast public conquered by the dramatic company.

The Musical Studio, of course, by title and repertory, is lyric instead of dramatic. Rather, lyric and dramatic, Dantchenko's entire career, beginning with a deep interest in music in his youth, has led to this culmination of a synthetic theatre, making use of all

the means of art to achieve its ends. In this sense the Musical Studio is a step beyond the Moscow Art Theatre.

Another aspect of this company which will ingratiate them with us is their spirit of eager youth. I doubt whether there is anyone in the company who has celebrated his thirtieth birthday except its youthfully spirited director of sixty-four. This ardent spirit, of course, finds its real release on the stage, a release which is bound to stir a contagious feeling on this side of the water.

I suppose after all, though, the most striking contrast with the Russian company we know is the use of modern art in setting and costume. The Musical Studio, however, does not scorn its realistic inheritance; instead it takes what is alive and true in modern art, rejects the specious and the merely sensational and, with the discretion and sense of poise which might be expected in a scion of the world's foremost acting company, it keeps its scenic backgrounds where they belong—in the background. Our own lyric stage, both its stodgy and conservative and its sensational and raucous camps, may well learn a lesson from these newest artistic ambassadors from Muscovy.

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THE FALL GUY

(Continued from page 28)

gating that bunch, but of course—LOTTIE: Johnnie's all right—just talks too much. . . . I'd hate to have a conscience like yours. Did you hear what that fellow from Washington said about you, when you turned down that big bribe in the Calloway case? He said: "That bird Newton is too honest to work for the Government."

NEWTON: I'll never get rich, that's sure.

Bertha and Danny come in and Lottie takes her guest into the front room until time for supper. Danny and his saxophone are in the midst of *The Blue Danube* when the door opens and Johnnie stands on the threshold with a large black suitcase in his hand. He drags it in under the accusing eye of his better half, who at once demands an explanation.

BERTHA: I know what's in that suitcase—bootleg booze, that's what.

JOHN: Well, gee whiz—what if it is?

BERTHA: That Frank Herman is pulling the wool over your eyes. I may have been poor, but I ain't lost my self-respect. I been thinkin' it over, John, and I made up my mind it just comes to this, and you can take your choice, if that thing is going to stay here, then I'm going to leave.

Johnnie exits with the suitcase and returns a few minutes later, empty-handed. He has secreted it in a hall closet, but Lottie, looking for a coat, accidentally stumbles over it. When she learns what it is, she suggests that Johnnie hide it for the time being and not try to take it outside the house.

LOTTIE: Listen, John, I—I know a man that's in the Federal Service, see? . . . And he told me that this district, . . . that is, it kind of slipped out that they're going to clean up in this district, so I wouldn't take any chance being seen on the street with that thing.

Together they search for a place to hide the suitcase, but as Bertha is heard coming toward the room, they slip it quickly under the dining-table, where it remains partially hidden by the cover. The business is no sooner completed when there comes a knock at the door and two strange men ask to see Mr. Newton. Lottie ushers them into the front room.

DANNY: If them tough-lookin' eggs is business men, I'm Paul Whiteman. I can give you the low-down on that bunch. They're a bunch of bulls.

JOHN: What!

DAN: Sure. I knew I'd seen that big gray-headed goober. That time the still blew up in Casey's—that's the guy all right. Maybe they're closin' in on somebody. Holy gee, when I come in there was a couple of suspicious-lookin' birds hanging around down at the entrance. Maybe they're plannin' to nab some crook. . . . Hey, and Lot being so secret about her job, too.

BERTHA: You don't mean that Lot is—

DAN: Sure. I'll bet she's a woman

dick. . . . Yeah, they have 'em. JOHN (nervously): Hey, we ought not to have that gang around here—we ought to ask 'em—that makes it look— Hey, tell Lot to ask 'em to go somewhere else.

The two unwelcome visitors leave, however, and presently the Quinlan family and Mr. Newton sit down to supper. The meal progresses until suddenly there comes another peremptory knock at the door. Johnnie hesitates, but at Bertha's urging finally rises and goes toward the door. As he does so, Danny stretches his legs impatiently and succeeds in sending the bulky black grip out into the center of the floor. The others gaze at it in astonishment as the door opens and a burly man stands on the threshold. KEEFE: Can I speak to you a second, Mr. Newton.

NEWTON: Go ahead. What is it?

KEEFE: Farini just come back. His man got rid of the stuff—must have passed it to a pal in Fineburg's cigar-store, but— (Stands open-mouthed, gazing at suitcase): Well, I'll be. That's it, ain't it? I got to hand it to you, Chief. . . . Unless my eyes are going back on me, that's the suitcase Herman's lobbygown had when he was lost.

NEWTON (rising): You mean that's the suitcase Frank Herman—

JOHN (desperately): Well, I admit it. Go ahead, pinch me!

NEWTON (bending over and examining): What's in this suitcase?

JOHN: Hootch.

NEWTON (opening the case): Better tell me the truth, John. How do you open this false bottom?

JOHN: How do you what—what—

NEWTON (opens): Never mind. There!

JOHN: What's that? Hop?

NEWTON: Yes, hop, snow, dope—about \$5,000 worth. I'm sorry you didn't tell the truth in the first place.

JOHN: I didn't know it was there. I swear on a Bible I didn't. (Newton regards him coldly.) All I was tryin' to do was make a little money. I could kill a guy that peddles dope. Nifty knows that, too, the lousy crook. I'm a fall guy, all right. Well, I guess you was right, Bert. I oughta taken that job from the Bercovich's.

* * * * *

THE third act takes place in the Quinlan flat some half-hour later. Johnnie and Bertha and Danny have all come in for a stiff grilling by Newton and his men, but without very satisfactory results. Frankly and painstakingly Johnnie goes over each detail of his activities, from the moment he took the fifteen dollars from Nifty Herman to the time he brought the suitcase up to the flat. He had never done such a thing before. They would have to believe him. And he never knew what was in that suitcase.

JOHN (pleading): Why, my old man was bumped off by some hop-heads, and do you think I'd stand for that?

(Continued on page 62)



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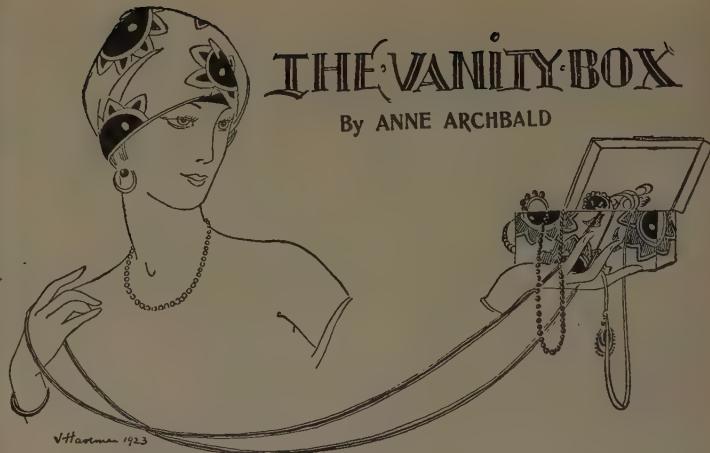
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IN a previous announcement we notified our readers that we would print a series of articles on

Beauty
By Miss Mary Young

which were to begin in the October issue.

We regret to say that owing to delay the publication of this series has had to be postponed to a later date.



WE had an interesting experience yesterday. Walking along Fifty-seventh Street somewhat early in the morning we had just come abreast Mme. Helena Rubinstein's, when out rushed that fascinating person, only too evidently in haste to arrive somewhere. Despite which we held her up for a short account of herself and her spring dash to Paris, from which she had lately returned. As she talked she drew us towards the curb, where stood a smart landau, explaining that it was her day for the laboratory and she was already behind in her schedule.

"Come ride with me," she urged. "The laboratory's just the other side of the Queensboro Bridge. We can have time for a nice little talk."

Almost before we knew it we were half-way across the bridge, breathing in the fresh river air, admiring Mme. Rubinstein's rose-colored cloche and learning the latest that Paris is wearing in the way of make-up. All too soon we had reached the laboratory, and Madame was out of the car and turning to give the chauffeur directions for driving us back.

"I don't suppose you'd care to come in and see me make some of my preparations," she said suddenly and a bit diffidently.

"Oh, but wouldn't we!" we cried. "Nothing more so! We have never forgotten our astonishment at your telling us once that you alone knew the formulas of your preparations and mixed them yourself, and we've always been curious . . ."

"To know whether that was really so?" laughed Mme. Rubinstein. "Well, now's your chance to find out."

We hadn't meant it that way at all. But never mind, it was a chance just the same, and we hastened to take advantage of it.

The laboratory was large and roomy, a small factory, a place of delicious odors and perfumes, its long tables manned by girls "jarring" and "canning" and "bottling" the creams and lotions and "extracts."

Madame herself wasted no time. Donning her linen smock, with the fury of a whirlwind she attacked the ingredients laid out for the preparations she was to make—most astonishing ingredients, baskets full of parsley and cucumbers . . . eggs . . . bottles of white wine . . yeast . . huge jars of water lilies floating in their liquor, the latter for the new Water Lily Cleansing Cream, which was one of her objectives that day. Lilies, you may not know, are marvelous for the complexion, and not only does Madame use them in the cleansing cream, but in other of her preparations as well.

What she did inside of a half hour! She seemed to have a dozen hands and be in as many places at once. At one moment she was dumping out a paper bag of imported herbs and flowers into a square of cheese-cloth and making this into a monster "tea-ball" as large as a cushion. In the next she thrust it into a huge copper kettle in which a fragrant bath of rose water was brewing. She started other brews of white wax, of cocoa butter, in other copper vessels. . . . She appointed parsley choppers and lily-juice pourers. . . . She broke eggs . . . she crumbled yeast into a five-gallon jar and poured in the white wine (after permitting us to sample its authenticity). . . . Every minute was absorbing.

We may not tell all the process which led to the completion of the Water Lily Cream, but at the end of two hours a jar of it, still warm, but just as luscious for all that, was ready for us to take away. . . . The finish of the other brews we could not wait to see.

If you care to know the price of the Water Lily Cleansing Cream, and where it may be purchased, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.



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THE PLAY GUIDE

THE PLAY GUIDE

We are back again with our small shops, and present here-with three you may have overlooked so far on your visits to New York, but that you will not want to a moment longer than is necessary.

WE wonder if you know the Shoecraft Shop on Fifth, just below Fifty-seventh Street! Its individuality—and we take it you understand that our column only deigns to mention those shops that have a proven amount of that commodity—is based on several things. First of all, it is the only shop in the city, or as far as we know in the world, that carries women's shoes in widths from quadruple A to D and in sizes from 1 to 10 in practically every style in its whole stock. It does not cater, therefore, to the society butterfly or actress who must have a new kind of shoe every week, but nevertheless it offers its customers a variety that keeps entire pace with the changes of the mode.

The fact that such names as Mary Garden, Mrs. Valentino, Gilda Gray, Edna Ferber, Mary Eaton, young Mrs. Scott Fitzgerald—types certainly very diverse but all alike when it comes to compassing distinction in their appearance—are constantly on Shoecraft's books explains what we mean. Such lovely advance models for Fall as we saw at the shop . . . simple models, but with touches that made them quite out of the ordinary, and showing such precious heels, either very high and slender or baby French on a most unusual Spanish cut. . . . Black kid pumps, for instance, with an inlay of black calf; a brown kid oxford, with a "saddle" of three tones of brown leather. In case you care to know, black and brown kid are to be smart notes in the coming mode, especially black.

ENTER, MONSIEUR AND MADAME!

A FEW blocks down from Shoecraft of that smart shop for men, Finchley's. . . . That is, you will if you don't know what's good for you. If you are wise, you will right-face-turn and enter. This means you too, Madame, since though there are no wares offered that immediately concern you—safe, to be sure, the "luggage" room up-stairs—you are encouraged to look around and report to Monsieur. You will want to tell him how you found the entrance-hall more like a house than a shop, with its grandfather clock and its pieces of old English furniture . . . about the fascinating "cravat room" at the left, with its shelves housing "mornamillion" ties, as brilliant and colorful as an aviary of tropical birds (stripes in bright and harmonious shades are still being worn) . . . of the glass corner cupboard nearby, holding the smart canes . . . of the evening room, where he may try out his dress clothes between triple mirrors against a background of black and silver (Oh, and have you seen those fascinating "backless" vests of white pique for evening?) . . . of the "four-piece-suit" department . . . *et le reste*.

You won't run out of descriptive material for some time, we'll warrant you, if you do justice to the place. . . . Perhaps as a *bonne bouche* you may have a glimpse of the tall and handsome Prince Sergé Romanovsky, with his Italian "aide," purchasing the collars with the deep flanges which he likes to wear and which he can find at Finchley's.

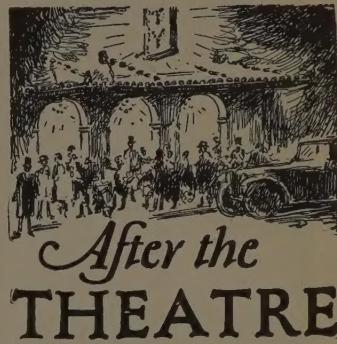
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N.Y.

(Continued from page 58)

JOHN: Where you been since you was here?

NIFTY: I was over to Goofie Malone's all the time, but that—

JOHN: Then how do you know it wasn't the Works?

NIFTY: Cause I know. . . . I thought I seen dicks trying to shadow me. The dicks are after us.

JOHN (suddenly tigerish): You're a smart guy, ain't you? You thought you'd make a hop-peddler out of me, did you?

NIFTY: What you talkin' 'bout. . . . Cut the comedy.

JOHN: This ain't no comedy. The hull thing is a plant—you tried to make a monkey out of me, but maybe you're goin' to end up behind the bars yourself.

NIFTY: Just a couple more cracks like that and I'll take you serious.

JOHN (lunging at him): You better start right now.

Johnnie lands one solid wallop to Nifty's jaw before Newton and his men rush in and handcuff their snarling prisoner. Herman is unceremoniously dragged out the door.

KEEFE (to John): If you wanted to be a Sherlock Holmes, you might of pulled his leg to find out who the Works was.

JOHN: Didn't you hear him say? . . . He admits he's been up at Goofie's ever since he left here and, listen, at the same time, he was absolutely positive that this here guy I pretended I seen was not the Works. Two and two makes four, don't it? . . . The Works is Nifty Herman!

KEEFE: Well, I'll be hanged!

NEWTON: Then you knew what you were doing. He's a pretty good detective.

KEEFE: Look here, John; they say every man is good at his job if he can find the right work. You seem to know a good deal about crook psychology.

JOHN: Yes, sir. . . . I—what was that?

NEWTON: How the criminal acts—how he thinks. You've got a pretty good head on your shoulders—in some ways. Anyhow, I am in a position to offer you a job. You'll start as a clerk.

JOHN: And work up to be manager?

NEWTON: You'll work up to be on the outside force, if you try hard—but you'll have to take orders, you know.

JOHN: I accept. But, say—if Bert

don't like it, maybe I can't—

NEWTON: Let's find out. I'll send her out here.

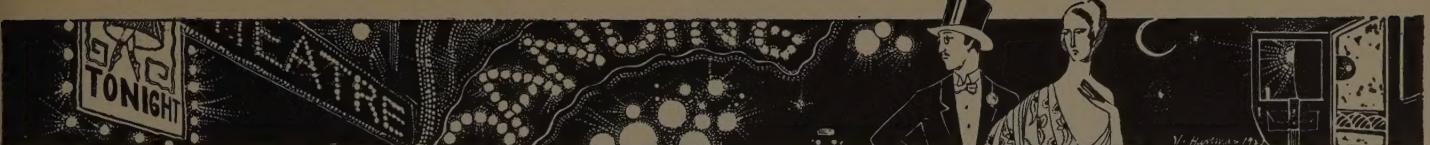
A moment later Johnnie and his better half are in each other's arms.

JOHN: I told you I'd land somethin' good. Can you picture me—working up to be a Federal dick?

BERTHA: Oh, John, it don't seem as it could possibly be true—I'm so happy I could cry. . . . Oh, John, I been prayin' for you, and you gotta try hard this time.

JOHN: Ain't I tellin' you!

BERTHA: Oh, John, ain't it wonderful? To be a policeman, just like your father!



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Manuel himself has a most original and amusing attitude towards hair in general. Woman's crowning glory is

as naught to him; he sees hair simply as a frame for the face. One per cent possibly have this frame naturally and for the rest it must be supplied not, shall we say, artificially, but artistically. Why not make an initial outlay, suggests Mr. Manuel, and have it always on tap?

You should see how lovely Carlotta Monterey looks in a new transformation from Manuel, that bob with short tendrilly curls all over the head which Nazimova has worn so much and which is so youthifying, but which is also a distinct problem to keep going if one works with one's own hair. A transformation presents it always in beautiful condition, and it is the one we shall choose for ourselves as soon as we get round to it.

ANNE ARCHBALD.



Out-of-Town Openings in September

Long Branch	Sept. 3	Diana of the Movies
Asbury Park	Sept. 3	All Dressed Up
Chicago	Sept. 6	Riquette
Baltimore	Sept. 7	Diana of the Movies
Philadelphia	Sept. 7	A Night Out
Stamford	Sept. 11	The Buccaneer
Columbus (Ohio)	Sept. 17	Faust
Utica	Sept. 21	Craig's Wife
Atlantic City	Sept. 28	The Passionate Prince
Detroit	Oct. 4	The Enemy
Baltimore	Oct. 5	The Enemy



Aborn to Revive Comique Operas

THAT New York will have an opera comique company during the coming Winter is announced by Milton Aborn, who has begun plans for this purpose and who expects soon to decide upon one of several theatres now under negotiation as the home of this form of entertainment. The popularity of opera comique in America was given impetus by Oscar Hammerstein's introduction of Offenbach's *The Tales of Hoffmann* nearly twenty years ago, and the public fancy in this direction was strengthened by the later series of similar offerings in the Century Theatre. During the past few years Broadway shows have employed successfully higher forms of music than the usual musical-comedy grade, and this rising tendency in popular taste led to a number of revivals, notably the spec-

tacular presentation of *The Mikado*.

New English translations are now being made of several Offenbach operas, some of which have never been heard in this country, including *La Belle Helene*, *Madame Favart*, *The Drum Major's Daughter*, *The Grand Duchess*, *Jolie Perfumeuse*, *La Perichole* and others. Mr. Aborn also plans to present Lecoq's *The Little Duke* and *Madame Angot*, Millock's *The Beggar Student* and *The Black Hussar*, Chassaigne's *Falka* and Suppé's *Clover* and *Boccaccio*. Some modernization and Americanization is to be applied to these works as necessary.

Some operas will be given for a week only, others two and three, but none more than four weeks. Mr. Aborn plans to open the series late in October or early in November.

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STAGED LAST SEASON

Junior League Follies in Kansas City, Atlanta, New Haven and Providence, and the annual shows of the Princeton University, Cornell, Columbia, and University of Michigan Follies; the "Chatterbox Revue" (Rochester); M. A. Edison Co.; Filene Store (Boston); Stage and Studio (New York); T. N. Y. Jewelers 24-Karat Club; Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt 2nd's Persian Jazz Pete, and many others!

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THE NEW SEASON

HAS TO OFFER

(Continued from page 7)

of Irish character by Ralph Cullinan; *Reefs*, a sea tale by Howard Southgate, and a new play by Susan Glaspell. The foreign plays are Ibsen's *Little Eyolf* and *The Lady from the Sea*, Synge's *The Well of the Saints*, Molière's comedy ballet, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and *Overhead*, a Dutch genre comedy by Herman Heijermans.

William A. Brady announces for immediate opening *Oh, Mama!*, a French farce by Louis Verneuil, with Alice Brady; *Devils*, by Daniel M. Rubin, and *Fear*, by Owen Davis.

Adolph Klauber announces the appearance of Jane Cowl, with her permanent company, in at least one play of Shakespeare's, probably *Twelfth Night*. She will also appear in *One Trip of the Silver Star*, by Lawrence Eyre.

The Neighborhood Playhouse will present two musical and two dramatic productions with the *Grand Street Follies* of 1926. The plays will be selected from a list which includes *Martine*, by Jean-Jacques Bernard; *Faint Perfume*, by Zona Gale; *The Three Daughters*, by Frederick Whiting, and *Flipote*, by Jules Lemaitre. In addition there will be ventures in ballet and folk dancing and probably a production of the Whitman festival, *Salut au Monde*.

The International Playhouse has announced the following plays for the new season: *Tsu-Tsan, or The Bridge of Distance*, by John and Ella Scrymser; *The Subway*, by Elmer Rice; a dramatization of Knut Hamson's novel, *Growth of the Soil*; *Within a Day*, by Jan Fabricius; *Waterloo*, a comedy by Lengel; *Laski*, also by Jan Fabricius; *Man Without a Body*, by Herman Teirlinck, and *Mind*, by Wahbey Bey, of Cairo.

Mention last, but by no means of the least importance, is the announcement that William Faversham will do *Henry VIII* this season.

Among the L. Lawrence Weber productions are *The Sea Woman*, by Willard Robertson, scheduled to open late in August; *Praying Curve*, a new play by Martin Brown; *The Dagger*, by Warren Weightman, and *The Fall of Eve*, to be produced in association with John Emerson in September.

There will be a new version of *Charlot's Revue*, with Jack Buchanan, Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence, a Selwyn production; *The Constance Nymph*, a Charles L. Wagner production; *The Girl Friend*, a musical comedy, Schwab and Mandel producers; *A Very Proper Lady*, by David Carb, with Ruth Gordon, Crosby Gaige producer.

Henry Savage and A. H. Woods will produce Dario Niccodemi's *School Mistress*, translated from the Italian *La Maestra*, in which Ann Harding and McKay Morris will appear; the American adaptation is by Gladys Unger. *The Third Woman*, by William J. Norton, a play about the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police.

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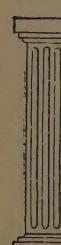
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